

MAY 60¢

DUDE

THE BIG
TALENT
OF LITTLE
EGYPT

Harvard
vs. Yale  Sex

Election Year 1964 
Women & The
American Presidency





**queen's
corner**



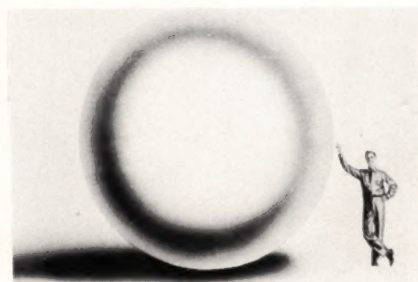
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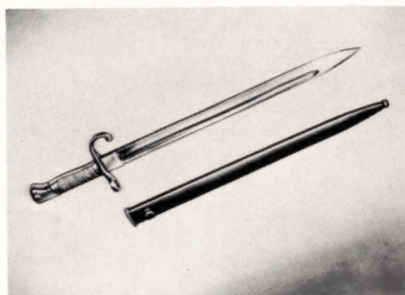
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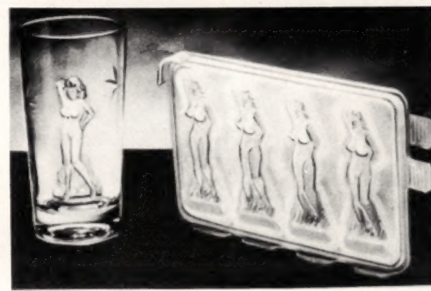
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SHOW BUSINESS

MIRIAM BENEDICT

REPORT ON THE FOLK-NIKS

The growing urban trend in folk music is making such inroads on the old backwoods ballad that dedicated purists fear the new style may blot out the old altogether. It's true the old songs are given an inner polish they never had before, by singers whose only contact with green grass has been in Washington Square Park. But this is a healthy development; the more different kinds of people come to love folk music, the more dimensions it will develop. True folk music can grow only in the tradition of the people who sing it, and to try to keep that tradition within rigid boundaries is to kill the music. Growth inevitably brings change, and the only boundaries to be watched for are those of genuine affection and good taste. The old tradition is not to be swept away entirely; what is good in it should be kept, while at the same time the natural transitions to the new are as carefully watched.

Probably the foremost exponents of the "new tradition" at the moment are Peter, Paul and Mary. They are a manufactured trio who were put together by a manager for the explicit purpose of making money with folk music. What they offer, besides pleasant voices and skillful guitar accompaniment, is pure simplicity, a trick easier to talk about than to achieve. This essential integrity, compounded of vocal skill, intense feeling, the necessity for communicating from the very foundations of emotion without overwhelming the listener, is what is raising folk music to a new level of vitality and life. In their new album, *IN THE WIND* (Warner Bros. 1507, \$3.98) Peter, Paul and Mary sing mostly old familiar standards like "Hush-A-Bye" and "All My Trials" in a way that is very much their own, very personalized. The plaint of "All My Trials" suddenly seems as pertinent to any cosmopolite as the most isolated backwoods dweller. They work the same magic on the song from which their album title is taken, "Blowin' In The Wind," a recent composition of Bob Dylan. The song suddenly seems to belong to everybody. Instead of liner notes, by the way, there is a tribute to Peter, Paul and Mary, written by Dylan, which is quite an accolade.

Bob Dylan, barely into his twenties, has been recording for only a couple of years, and is already creating a legend. Although he lives in New York, he brought with him the legends and tradition of the Southwest, plus a driving urge to express himself via a fusion of music and poetry. He is a great exponent of the talking blues, an arrangement that was old when the troubadours were serenading the castles of Western Europe, and which is blazingly new. Like modern poetry, it is a form capable of expressing the emotions before which most of us are inarticulate—if handled with skill and understanding. Dylan uses it naturally, as something apt to his exuberant youth, his bursting discovery of the beauty and cruelty of life. Sometimes the talking blues get beyond his grasp, like a lake he hasn't learned to dam up yet, but better an overabundance of quality like this than a pitiful stretching of scanty resources. Dylan has the resources, all right, and in his new album, *THE*

FREEWHEELIN' BOB DYLAN (Columbia CL 1986, \$3.98) he spins them out full-length. Most of the material is his, with the exception of the beloved old "Corrina, Corrina," and even that has been re-set to the Dylan point of view. Anyone who knows Bob knows there is nothing arbitrary about this; it was just the way he felt about the song. If the whole album is about how Bob Dylan feels about life, that is in the strictest tradition of folk music.

The Modern Folk Quartet sum up in their name the way *they* feel about it all. Their accent is on driving rhythm, on freshness and scintillating brightness, with the banjo very much in evidence in their accompaniment. There has, indeed, been a resurgence of banjo in the folk music field, and a growing body of opinion has it that banjo will be the next major move in the tradition. Its brisk accent does something to the songs accompanied by the brash little instrument, and in *THE MODERN FOLK QUARTET* (Warner Bros. W 1511, \$3.98) the influence of what it does is very in evidence. Like cheese in a salad dressing, there is a taste that can't be ignored, and it permeates everything it touches. The Modern Folk Quartet may be in the vanguard of something still to come.

Joan Baez takes the completely opposite tack. Her personality is inescapable, no matter what she sings. In fact, there is a whole school of young folklorists who try to deliver everything from old ballads to new protest songs in the sweetly limpid Baez tones. Like any imitation, this won't work, because they're not Joan Baez. Sometimes it hasn't worked for her, either, but in the main it is a compelling and wholly enchanting manner—for Joan Baez. In her latest, *JOAN BAEZ IN CONCERT, PART 2* (Vanguard VRS-9113, \$4.98) she gently cradles a representative collection of traditional ballads and contemporary topical songs in the warmth of her affection for them. There is a simple test of her sincerity: listen to the foreign-language songs—she always includes one or two—and see how little the language barrier means in communicating inner feeling.

Recently the Weavers announced they were disbanding. Fifteen years ago they were pioneers in the bringing of rural songs to the city, songs which they smartened up with their fresh bright arrangements till they were recognizable only by inference. The most ignorant city slicker could listen with easy pleasure to "Down In The Valley," etc. The Weavers added a new dimension to our musical culture, which has been enthusiastically followed, exploited and widened by any number of following groups. But they were the originals, and it is sad to see them retire from the field they opened up. Their Vanguard album *THE WEAVERS: REUNION AT CARNEGIE HALL 1963* (Vanguard VRS 9130 \$4.98) is full of their polished verve. They know times have changed since they rocked audiences with "Goodnight Irene," which they sing here almost self-mockingly. It's too bad to lose such perceptiveness as they had, as a group, even though some of the individuals (like Pete Seeger) go on alone.

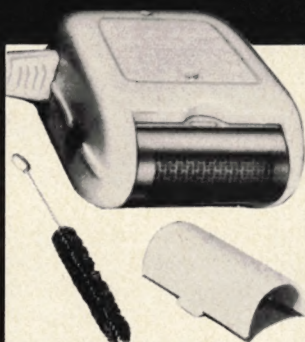
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JOHN CARSWELL

"Carl, how would you kill someone?"

Bartenders are never surprised. "Who do you have in mind?" Carl inquired.

George chuckled and his jowls shook. "Maybe my wife." He drank, his little finger crooking out as it always did after the second glass. "What about it? How would you do it?"

Carl examined his nails and chewed reflectively at his upper lip. "Why kill her? She sleeping around?"

"Huh? Millie? Millicent Sampson? Sleeping around?" George brayed with delight. "She doesn't know what it is, Carl. No, that's not it." He drained his glass with authority. "If she ever did that I wouldn't be asking you for advice. I'd just dive right in and ZOWIE"—he leaped from his stool and mutilated the air with the edge of his hand—"she'd be finished. Just like those korite guys in Japan."

"Karate."

"Yeah, that's it. No, Millie hasn't got it in her to play around. She's too MORAL. Too damned MORAL. God-damn her," he added judiciously.

"I thought you didn't like the idea of her screwing around."

"I don't."

"Then why complain she's moral? You should be glad."

"You don't know, Carl. You just don't know. She's a huge pain in the rear." World-weary, George sighed.

"How?"

"Ahh, you know." He brandished his empty glass. Carl refilled it. "She's got no sense of humor. Doesn't like to screw around and have fun. She's too damned serious. That's it! She takes everything too damned seriously. And she's stupid—stupid as hell. I come home from work and she asks: 'Did you have a nice day at the office, Georgie dear?' She calls me 'Georgie dear.' Keerice, is that ever something to hear: 'Georgie dear. Did you have a nice day at the office, Georgie dear?' Idiot woman. Who ever has a nice day at the office?"

Carl shrugged. "Doesn't sound so bad to me. At least she cares. It's better than a lot of women."

"Ahh but she's so damned simpleminded. So damned SWEET about everything. She has this saint complex—no matter what I say or do she just nods sweetly. You expect her to genuflect any moment. She's LONG SUFFERING, that's what she is. It makes you sick. She'd never sleep around. She's too damned SWEET."

Carl shook his head sagely. "Not much of a reason to bump her. Anyway, don't be too sure she's so sweet. A woman'll surprise you. You think you've got her sized up and she slips you the rabbit punch when you're not looking. All at once you're sporting a pair of horns. I've had a few wives and I know."

George's head flicked up in surprise. "You? I didn't know you'd been married."

"Not my wives. Other wives. And those women aren't the same women their husbands know. They change. They're like a baseball. It all depends who's handling them, just how much they hop and twist."

"Maybe. But not Millie. She's no baseball; she's just a tiny lump of wet sugar. Sweet and damp and crumbly. You can't make that stuff hop and twist." Then, admiringly: "You've been around, Carl. That's the ticket. None of this marriage crap for you. Smart."

Carl chuckled. "I service them. When their husbands let them get run down, I dust them off and play with the knobs and juice them up."

"Great, great! Keerice, it must be fine to be free like you. That's what I'd like."

"It's not all roses. Some of 'em are tricky to handle. But on the whole, it's OK."

"On the hole! I guess it's OK on the hole!" George emptied his glass gleefully. It was his fifth Scotch. "Well, you haven't told me."

"Told you what?"

"How you'd kill someone."

"Still thinking about that?"

George waved his glass grandly. "Oh, just for the gag. How would you do it? Hell, you're always filling me in on politics and sports and all that. You're clever. You must have some ideas."

"You mean something subtle?"

"Sure. No knives in the throat. It's got to look accidental."

"OK. Just for the gag." Carl grew animated. "The trick is to make it fit with your society. Shooting is good in a hunting society. Drowning is fine if everyone fishes. See what I mean? You have to change with the times. Nowadays we have three swell possibilities."

"What?"

"Electrical, pharmaceutical, and vehicular. Electro-cution, poison, wrecks. See how it works? Every house in the country is lousy with appliances—vaporizers, grinders, sharpeners, the works. Maybe thirty different appliances in a house. Maybe more. It makes you tingle, just thinking of all that juice in all those wires. Side-track a little of it into the person you're after and you've got a murder that fits with the society. People die right and left these days because they touch the wrong wire at the wrong time. A woman plugs in her hair dryer and POOF, she's finished. A guy attacks his teeth with an electric tooth brush and POW, he's bacon. Crisp. And no one's surprised—because they're symptomatic deaths. Pharmaceutical death works the same way. Everybody gulps pills these days. Slip something lethal into the aspirin bottle, then wait for your party's next headache. Done. You call the coroner. Vehicular arrangements are less imaginative but just as conclusive. Forty thousand people get it on the roads every year. What's one more or less? Accidents will happen. Simple, beautiful accidents."

George sucked in a deep breath, let it out. "That's great! I knew I could count on you, Carl." A pause for reflection, then: "I like the electrical approach. Somehow it's more accidental. More symptomatic."

Carl moved his shoulders laconically. "It's a matter of personal taste."

"Any specific suggestions? Any special methods in mind?"

"It depends on the lay-out. And what appliances are available." He added impatiently: "Anyway, that's where a man's resourcefulness comes in. Everyone nowadays wants to be told how to do everything. Ready-made living. Hell, people ought to use their own ingenuity once in a while."

"Sure, Carl, sure," George rushed to agree. "You couldn't be more right. I was just curious. Anyway, I'm a born bungler. I'd never pull it off." He laughed self-deprecatingly and sank into thought. One last drink, then he paid his bill and left. Carl called after him:

"Hey, better not get any fancy ideas. Keep it a gag." But the door had already shut.

That was Tuesday. That evening and the two following George searched for a reason. An *acceptable* reason. Good upbringing had instilled him with high standards. You had to have proper reasons for doing things. Carl was right: you didn't kill someone for being sweet and

THE GOLDEN HAIR



long suffering. Not in good conscience. You needed something concrete. Something legitimate. Like adultery. Millie commit adultery? There was the rub. Sooner the Statue of Liberty shift its torch to the other hand.

He grew depressed. There seemed little hope. Friday saw him return bleak and tired from work. In the front hall he found Millie removing her new spring coat. She was wearing green eye shadow and looked quite chic.

"Georgie dear, you're early. Did you have a nice day at the office?"

"Nice as hell. But I'm not early. You're late."

"Am I? Dear me, I don't know where the time flew."

"Where've you been?" he asked suspiciously. Millie never went out. She stayed home, read, listened to the radio, sewed, fiddled about. Usually it exasperated him: aimless American Woman. Yet now he was annoyed that she had been out.

"Out."

"Out? Keerice, Millie, obviously you've been out! I can see *that*. Out where?"

"To lunch. And a movie."

"What movie?"

"Oh, one of those silly French things. I don't know what it was called. I can never make sense out of those foreign films."

"Then why'd you go? Huh?"

"Good heavens, Georgie . . ."

"Millie, call me George for a change, will you?"

" . . . can't I go out now and then without upsetting you?"

"Sure, sure, go ahead. I work all day and you traipse around to lunch and arty films. Go right ahead." Pouncing: "Who'd you go with?"

"I went alone."

"You didn't go with anyone? No one at all?"

"Good heavens! No, I went by myself. What's wrong, dear? Here, come along and change your clothes. I'll fix you a drink and some dinner and then you'll feel better."

"Goddamn it, I feel fine right now! Don't baby me! All I want to know is what you've been doing all day. What in hell's wrong with that? So now you've told me and now I know. Go make *yourself* a drink. You look like you could use it. And wipe your eye shadow; it's smeared. Green's an ugly color on you, Millie. Gives you an embalmed look."

She smiled at him, a meek sweet sympathetic smile. He had never seen her smile any other way. Then she went to hang her coat in the closet. On a hunch he stopped her.

"Here, Millie, I'll do that. Don't trouble yourself. Sorry I snapped at you. Bad day at the office. Bunch of bastards running the place."

"Poor Georgie. Thank you, dear. I'll fix you a drink." She surrendered the coat and went to the kitchen. George fished a hanger from the closet, peered about for spies, then eyed the coat. Nothing. No scent of after-shave or sperm, no damning strands of hair. The lapels and the front were as tidy and benign as Millie's smile. He inspected the back. Nothing. The collar. Nothing. He turned it up, let his glance sift up and down, side to side.

A golden hair. A short golden hair. Millie was brunette, George was jet black. Between the two of them they could not have got together a gunsight's worth of golden hair.

George removed it and held it to the light. Golden. Unquestionably golden. He chuckled to himself. The cares of the day fled. He felt flirtations of hope rise within.

In the bedroom he emptied the studs and cufflinks from his Italian leather box and laid the golden hair inside.

He gazed at it—a short strand of gold; innocent; asleep now in its nest of treated calfskin. It was beautiful. It was the embryo of an acceptable reason.

During dinner George inquired: "Millie, did you ever think of bleaching your hair. 'You'd be lovely with blond hair. It would suit your coloring.'"

"Good heavens, George, I'd be a fright. I don't like women with bleached hair. It looks cheap."

George laughed disarmingly. "Maybe I'll peroxide mine. I'd look dashing as hell, don't you think? Golden Boy George. I could wave and set it and wrestle for a living."

Millie smiled sweetly. "I think blond hair is quite becoming to a man. The Germans and Scandinavians have lovely hair. But I don't think it would suit you, dear."

"Just joking, Millie. Just living it up here in our little love nest—living it up with a rousing joke. So you like blond hair on men, eh?"

"Yes, on some men I think it's rather attractive."

George nodded contentedly and fell silent. That night he went to a bookstore and bought a how-to-do-it manual called *Handyman's Aid Number 37: Electrical Wiring in the Home*. As a precaution, he told himself. As insurance against further golden hairs.

The following Wednesday evening another golden hair was laid to rest in the Italian leather box. The same shade and innocence as its brother but a trifle longer—it had had five days more to grow. By Friday night there were four lying side by side: the last two plucked from the hem of the red wool skirt that Millie had bought on sale at the end of the winter. Friday had been chilly, and Millie had gone to the Bronx Zoo for the afternoon. In her red skirt. To see the monkeys, she said. She loved to watch them at play. Such sweet, untroubled creatures.

George spent the weekend poring over his second book on electrical wiring. It was more sophisticated and he mastered several new points.

The fifth golden hair was the last. He found it the next Thursday while Millie was bathing. It was caught in a hook on the bra she had shed only minutes before. A lacy pink bra; bought just that afternoon, Millie said. When she was out. Why the sudden fancy for frilly underwear, George wanted to know. Millie's answering smile was sweet and non-committal. Her look was far away, perhaps recalling those strong and willing fingers that had loosed the hooks. George's bowels constricted with elation. His search was ended: he had his reason, inscribed in gold.

Three days later, on Sunday, George was working in the basement. Millie happened by.

"Heaven," she exclaimed, "you're becoming quite handy at all these electrical things. What a clever husband." The awe in her voice was too extravagant for belief. George smiled dryly.

"It's a good hobby," he said. "It relaxes me, gets my mind off business. Pretty soon I'll know how to fix anything electrical that goes on the fritz."

"That's marvelous. What do you have there?"

George held up a black object the size of a shoe box. "This," he declared, "is a transformer. A very clever device. Transforms current. For electric trains and things."

"Heavens, I don't know how you can figure such things out. Is it from the car?"

"The car? Well, sort of. I mean it's a special part of the car. It's not easy to explain." (Continued on page 56)

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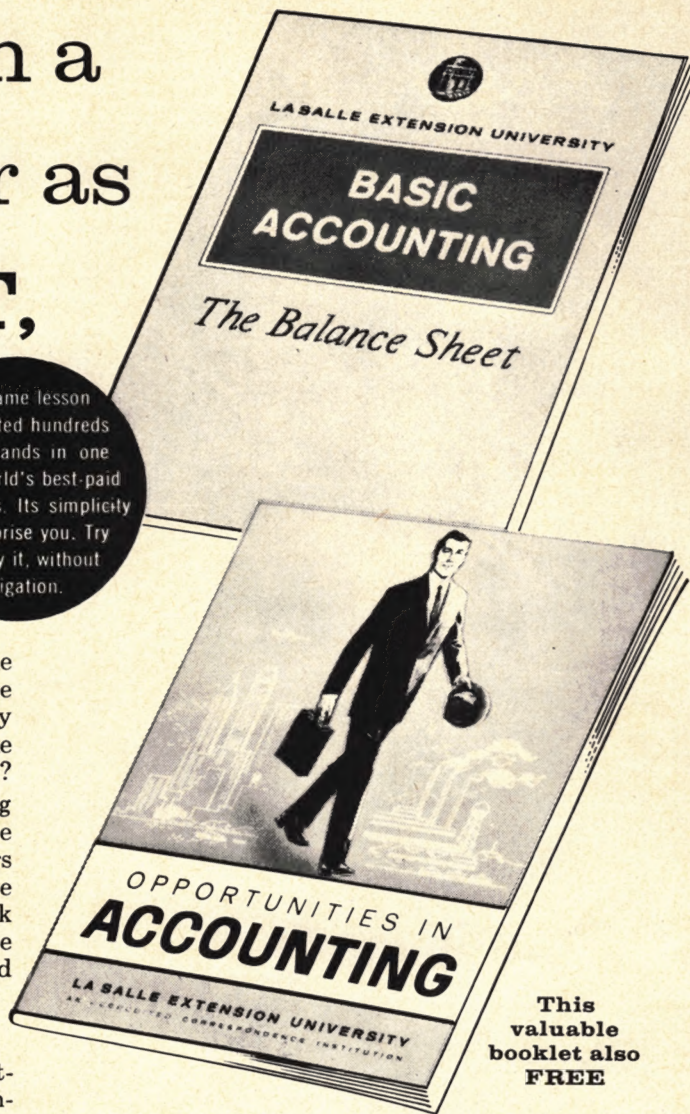
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108

DUDE ♡ 9



GIRL NO.1

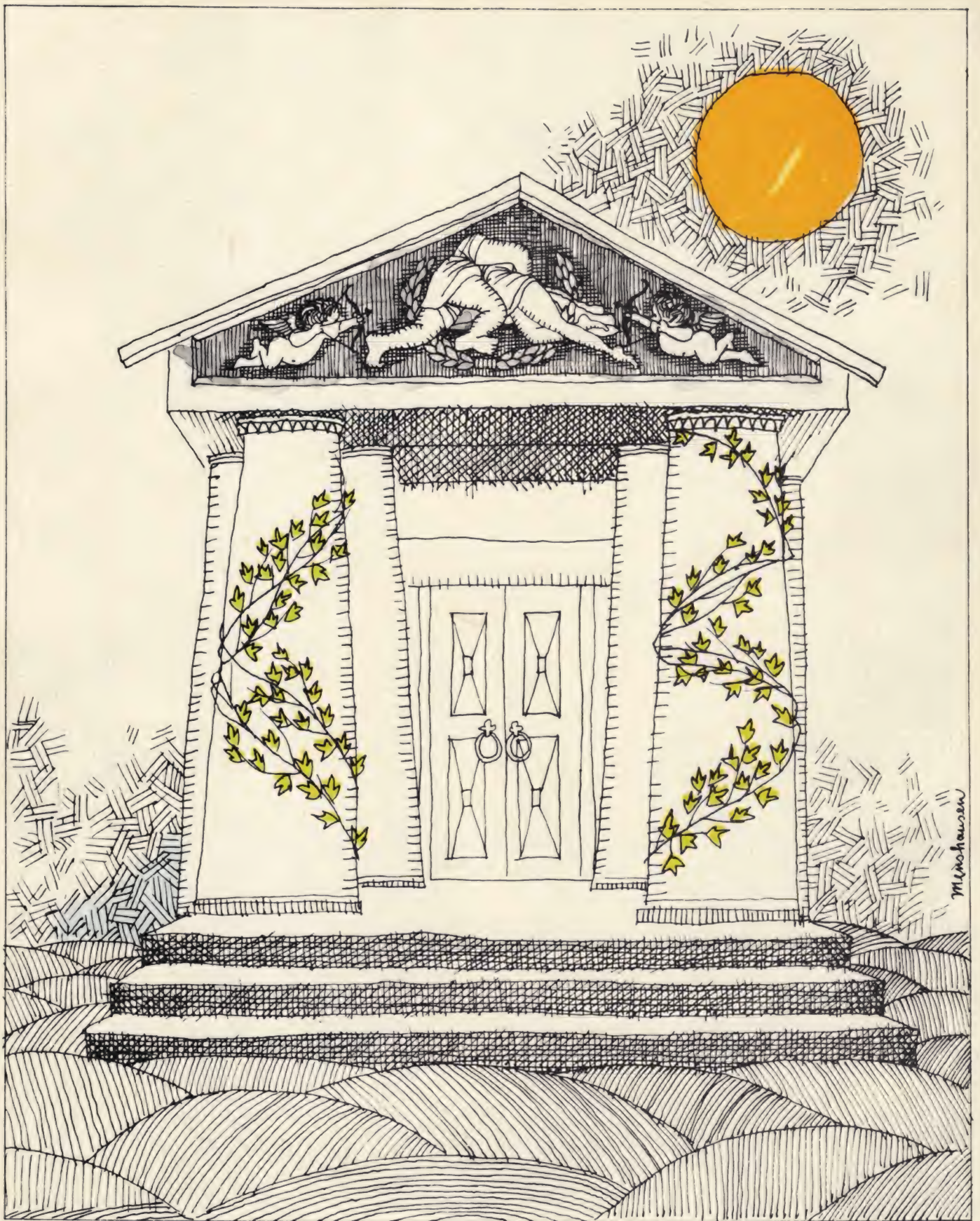
JILL STEVENS



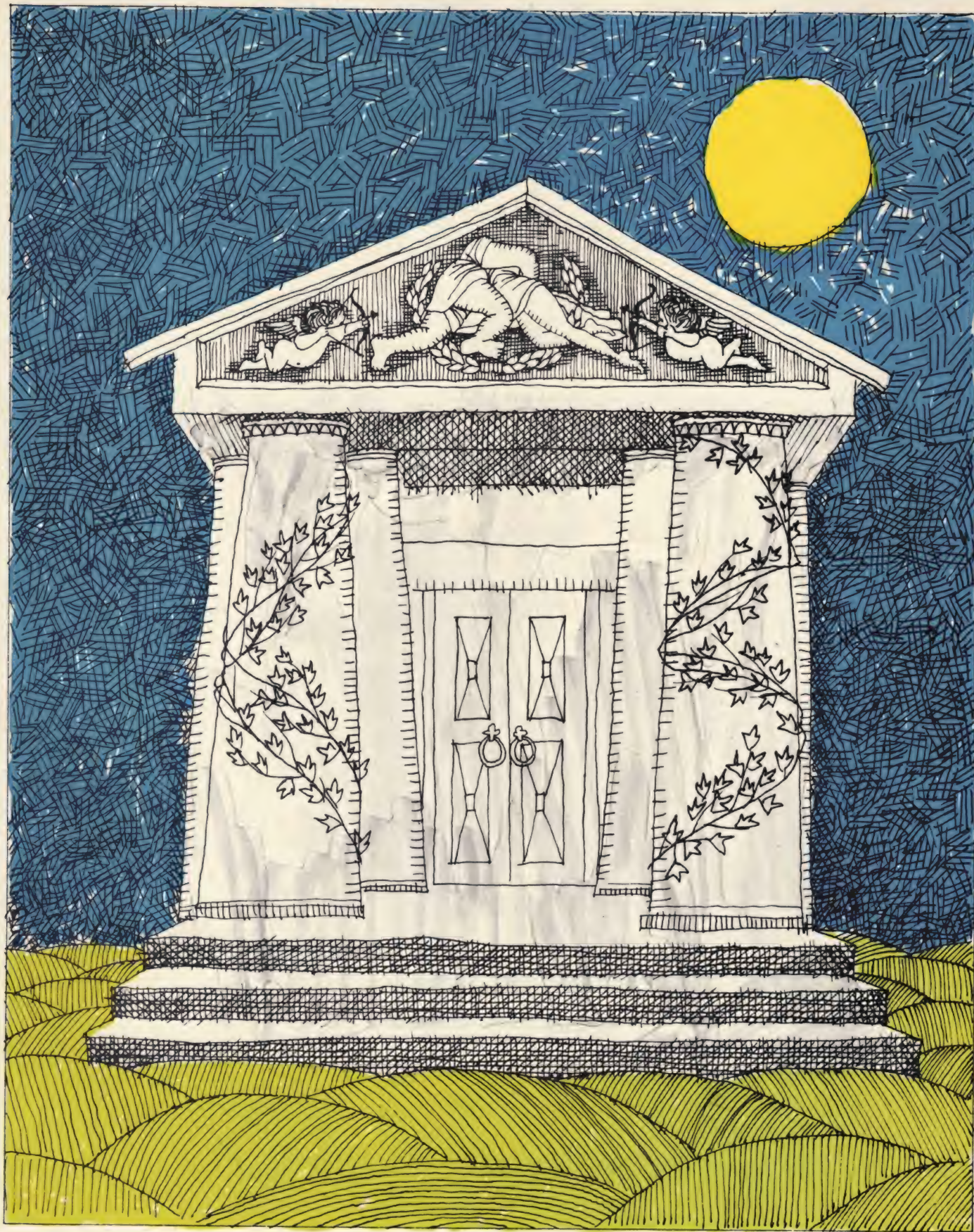


IF YOU HAVE ALREADY LOOKED AT GIRL NO. 1, THEN YOU KNOW AT LEAST ONE REASON WHY JILL STEVENS IS HERE — FOR THE HONOR OF ENGLAND. WE ADMIT TO REPEATING OURSELVES, BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED. BEFORE WE GAVE HIM THE ASSIGNMENT, JILL'S BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHER DESCRIBED HER TO US AS "FRESH, FAIR," ETC. INTERESTED BUT STILL BUSINESS-LIKE, WE REMINDED THE CAMERAMAN THAT "CONFUCIUS SAY ONE PICTURE WORTH THOUSAND WORDS." ACTUALLY, WHEN YOU COME RIGHT DOWN TO IT, JILL'S PICTURES ARE EQUAL TO MANY VOLUMES OF SMALL PRINT IN ANY TYPE FACE. A NATIVE OF DEVONSHIRE, ONE OF GREAT BRITAIN'S MOST PASTORAL COUNTIES, JILL FEELS QUITE RIGHTLY THAT SHE CAN MATCH SAUCINESS WITH THE BEST OF THEM — AND YOU KNOW WHAT A TALL ORDER THAT IS. JILL, A TELEVISION WEATHER GIRL, HAS THAT INTERESTING QUALITY PECULIAR TO THE BEST OF BRITISH GIRLS — THE ABILITY TO BE SEXY AND LADY-LIKE AT THE SAME TIME. WE STILL AREN'T TAKING SIDES, BUT CAN WE BE ALLOWED TO HOPE THERE WILL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND, IF ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF GIRLS LIKE JILL STEVENS.





HARVARD . . .



VS. YALE SEX...

WIDENER PEABODY

Everyone who has ever had any contact with the Ivy League knows that "The Game" is the annual football meeting between Harvard and Yale. There was a time, some thirty years ago, when it was the most important football game of the season. These days, of course, the actual football is so inexpert that it's a miracle either team can win. But nonetheless, there remains one aspect of the rivalry that still commands respect. This is the girls. For some Harvard men and practically every Yale man knocks himself out every year to bring the most beautiful girl he can lay his hands on, and the results are undeniably impressive. Every few years, you can see a girl who could be entered for the Miss America contest without arousing derision. But the girls on the Yale side are almost invariably better-looking and this fact has unfortunately helped to perpetuate the popular misunderstanding about the nature of the Harvard and the Yale man.

Most people have a clear, stereotyped picture of the two. The Harvard man is that tall, thin, gaunt creature, wearing glasses and a worried expression. He is always crouched over his books, never has any fun, and is destined to end up as an administrator of the foreign aid program or a professor of Egyptology in some small New England museum. The Yale man, in contrast, is a hearty, red-cheeked, broad-shouldered, fellow who is usually to be found pulling in or out of a motel in his Jaguar, with a hip flask at his lips, and a gorgeous blonde pulling at it; not so she can get at the liquor but so she can get at him.

This picture happens to be the precise opposite of the truth but it has become part of the popular folklore for perfectly understandable reasons which arise out of the sexual situation of the two groups. Consider, first, that of the Harvard man. By a happy freak of accident, he lives surrounded by hundreds of women who are known collectively as the Radcliffe girl. He sits next to her at classes; he runs into her at restaurants; he nods to her in the library. Now this kind of enforced proximity is the best possible springboard for sex, as any office worker knows. For it provides the man and the woman with a common acquaintance to gossip about, and it also gets the girl accustomed to the man's physical presence, so that when you suggest casually that she come up to your room for coffee and to discuss the intricacies of medieval French literature, she readily accepts.

This situation also exists in state universities. But there is a difference which is founded on the personality of the Radcliffe girl. No one will deny that Radcliffe has the highest academic standard in the country. The girls there are notoriously brilliant. But brilliance is not an accidental quality. It comes from the constant reading of books in youth, and most girls who do a lot of reading, do it because they don't get invited out on dates.

In other words, Radcliffe girls are pretty doggy, as far as looks go, and they reach Cambridge, hungering to make up for the lost years. They are not stand-offish; they are grateful for the slightest attention. Moreover, most of them, being intellectuals, are also liberals and eager to make a clean break with the respectability of home life. And, being intellectuals, they are also anxious to experiment. They consider it their duty to fulfill themselves in every possible way, and that includes sex.

At Harvard, the rules forbid a man to have a girl in his room overnight, or even until late in the evening, except at weekends. The rules are fatuous, for it is just as easy to make love in the afternoon as at night;

indeed, to a girl anxious to free herself from the shackles of convention, the bright, afternoon light with its suggestion of abandonment, is an added attraction. The French have a phrase for afternoons of love. They describe the custom of men dropping in to visit their mistresses in the afternoons (before the husband has returned from work) as a *cinq à sept*. Radcliffe girls are great *sing à septers*.

Nor are Radcliffe girls the only ones available. From the viewpoint of sex, Cambridge is like a besieged fortress, surrounded by girls yearning to break in. There is Boston University, swollen with women like a giant balloon, most of them longing to improve their social status by dating Harvard men. There is Simmons and Lesley and within easy driving distance, there is also Wellesley where the girls are slightly more muscular and hearty than the pale Radcliffe types, but not much more attractive and equally ready to consider any suggestions for closer acquaintance.

Thus the sheer, overwhelming force of geography puts the Harvard man in a buyer's market. I never considered myself particularly attractive to women. But, looking back more than three years after leaving The Yard, I recall vividly the unending stream of available girls, in their black stockings, sloppy sweaters, and yearning to "live." Their availability indeed has since become something of a national scandal, for last fall the sexual extravaganza which is Harvard hit the public prints when the Dean publicly admitted that the right of undergraduates to entertain girls in their rooms was being savagely abused. Being a Dean, he considered the situation a disgrace. Possibly so, possibly not. But leaving the moral issue to one side, the Dean's statement confirmed what every Harvard man knows; that, if you want to—and most of my friends did—you can have a girl an afternoon.

The situation of the Yale man is completely different. There is no Radcliffe in New Haven; there is no Boston University; there is not even a Wellesley. The Yale man has to import his women, from the University of Connecticut perhaps, or from Vassar or Sarah Lawrence. What for the Harvard man is a casual, everyday affair becomes for the Yale man a major operation. Deprived of sex during the week, he must wait for the weekend to drive off to a girls' college or to import his women to New Haven and stick them in a hotel or motel where he crawls off to visit them, like a burglar after jewels.

And what does the Yale man do during his weekdays of deprivation? He drinks. It is popularly believed that drink and women go together. But actually drink is not an adjunct to sex; it is a substitute. On my visits to New Haven, I was always struck by the pitiful scene of young men, starved for sex, lumped together in sad groups, with their bellies full of beer and their mouths full of boasts about the girls they were going to bring up for the next football weekend.

And, as always happens with men who do not have a woman in regular attendance, they were always particularly eager to impress their fellows with the beauty of the women they did know. So, when the big occasions came, like the football weekends, or the proms, they would dredge through their acquaintances to find that one dazzler who would knock their friends' eyes out. Up the girls would come, old friends of the family most of them, hauled in from distant colleges, chosen with painstaking deliberation for their looks. They made a brilliant spectacle but they were there for show. For you can't import a comparative stranger for the weekend and expect her to jump into bed with you. It takes time to work up to sex and, as far as I could see, (Continued on page 66)



SIGH IN THE SKY



A FEW YEARS AGO IF YOU MENTIONED THE TOWN OF VERDUN TO THE AVERAGE FRENCHMAN, HE IMMEDIATELY THOUGHT OF THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF WORLD WAR I. TODAY, IN 1964, HIS EYES WILL STILL GLOW, BUT WITH AN INTEREST THAT IS NOT ENTIRELY PATRIOTIC. IT SEEMS THAT, IN RESPONSE TO GENERAL DeGAULLE'S APPEAL TO FRENCH "GREATNESS," A NUMBER OF CIVIC-MINDED, SUPPLE-BODIED YOUNG LADIES FROM THE VERDUN DISTRICT ARE DOING THEIR BIT TOWARD MAKING FRANCE A BETTER PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE. MOTIVATED BY 60 PER CENT PUBLIC-SPIRITEDNESS AND 40 PER CENT FUN, THE LITHE LADIES OF VERDUN HAVE FORMED AN ALMOST ALL-GIRL PARATROOP PATROL DEDICATED TO BRINGING RELIEF IN MANY FORMS TO THOSE MOST IN NEED OF IT. SAY, FOR INSTANCE, A THOREAU-LIKE WRITER IS TRAPPED IN HIS FOREST CABIN BY A SUDDEN SNOWSTORM! SUPPOSE A GROUP OF HEALTHY LADS









ARE CASTAWAY IN A CREVASSE DURING A FUMBLED MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING EXPEDITION! OR MAYBE IT'S A YOUNG SPORTSMAN WITH A SPRAINED ANKLE, STILL SOUND IN MIND AND BODY BUT UNABLE TO TOTTER MORE THAN A FEW STEPS FROM HIS SLEEPING BAG! WELL, THAT'S WHERE THIS GROUP OF EARNEST YOUNG GIRLS COME TO THE RESCUE. AS THEY DRIFT GRACEFULLY FROM THEIR RESCUE PLANE, THEY ARE A HAPPY COMBINATION OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL AND A BACHELOR'S DREAM. "WOMEN'S WORK IS NEVAIR DONE," SAYS JEANETTE MOLYNEUX, THE LOVELY BLONDE WHO HEADS UP THE GIRL COMMANDOS, "BUT OF COURSE WE LOVE OUR WORK." SO DO WE.



"All I brought you home for, Boss — was dinner."

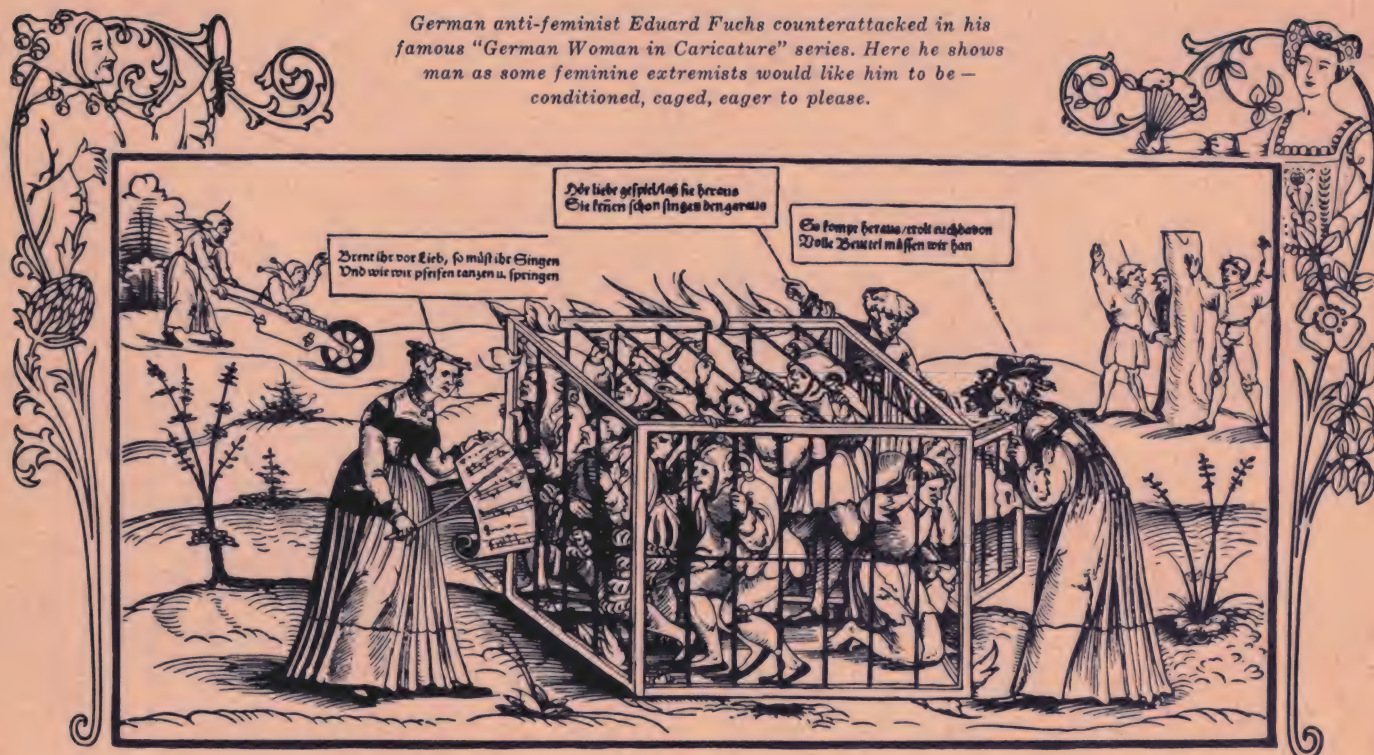
THE EMANCIPATED WOMEN



"Ye must know that women have dominion over you: do ye not labor and toil, and give and bring all to the woman?"
Esdras



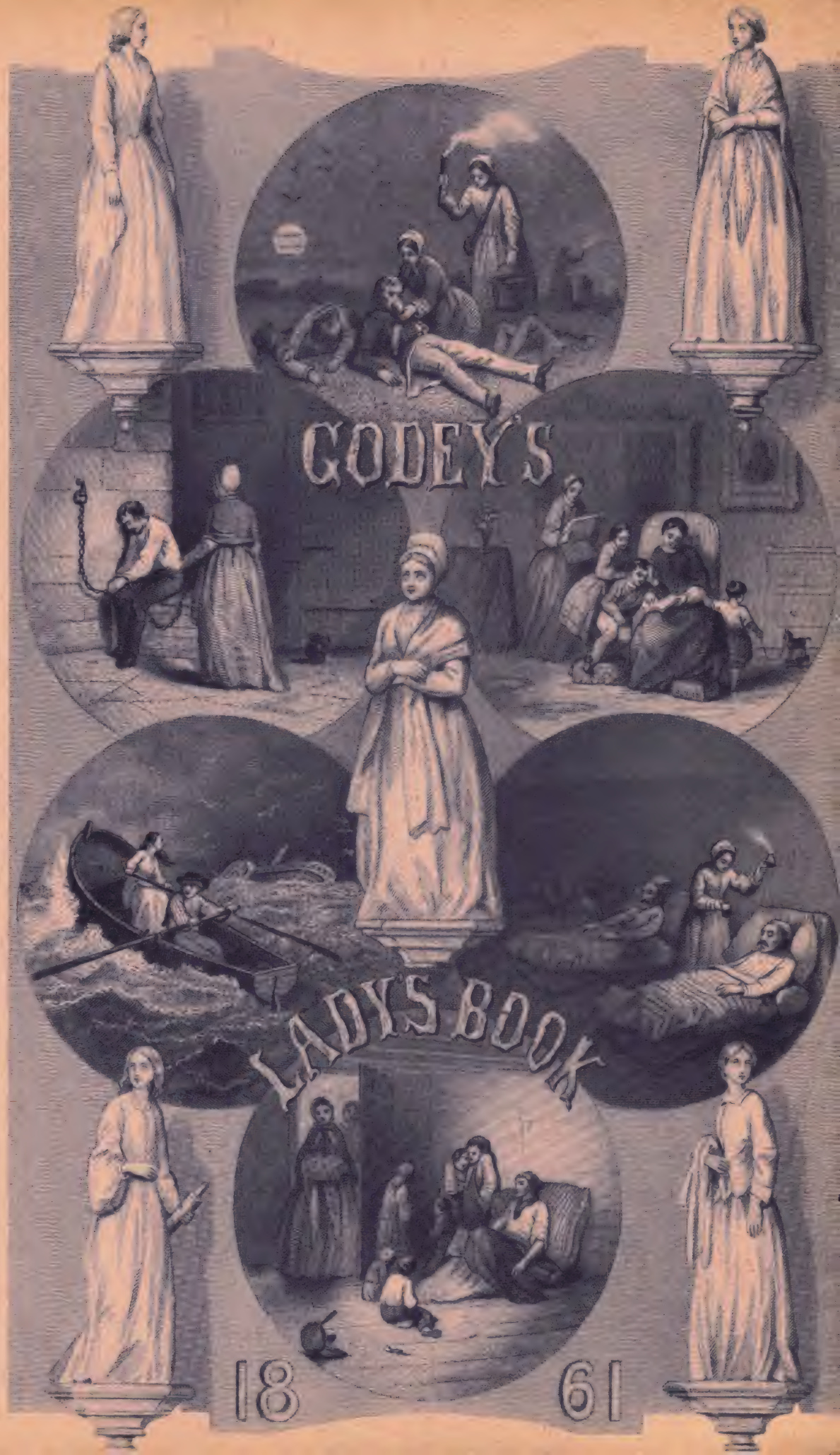
German anti-feminist Eduard Fuchs counterattacked in his famous "German Woman in Caricature" series. Here he shows man as some feminine extremists would like him to be — conditioned, caged, eager to please.



The battle for women's rights has largely been won. Today, a large percentage of America's 93,000,000 ladies are in the enviable position of having and eating their cake at the same time. But, being women and therefore only slightly governed by reason, they still feel cheated in some mysterious fashion. It does no good to point out that the law and the courts are on their side. They still feel dissatisfied: they want much more. Just what it is would be hard to pin down. They, themselves, aren't quite sure what it is, but they know there must be something. Throughout history there have been dangerous, dominant women, but it wasn't until the middle years of the 19th century that women really started making a nuisance of themselves. Along with the lady novelist came pantaloons, cigarillos, free love that was never really free, and a vague but powerful notion that the necessary but miserable male must be put in his place. Later the ladies chained themselves to railings until they got the vote and then, being women they usually voted for the wrong man for the wrong reasons. Now it looks as if the feminists are preparing for the last big battle of the war between the sexes. Don't laugh! Why do you think anti-male books such as *The Feminine Mystique* are selling so well? We, the editors of *DUDE*, feel the time has come for a showdown. Experience has shown that men and women can never be completely equal partners, so it is up to every man to stand and fight before it's too late. Our battle cry should be—"What about man's rights?"

A century ago Godey's Lady's Book magazine was already blowing the feminist horn. The figures on the pedestals represent man's view of woman. The circular illustrations are supposed to show woman as she really is — tough, capable, brave, unselfish, much brighter than any man.

26 ♥ DUDE



Silly, monocled male of 1896 takes a back seat to queenly wife.

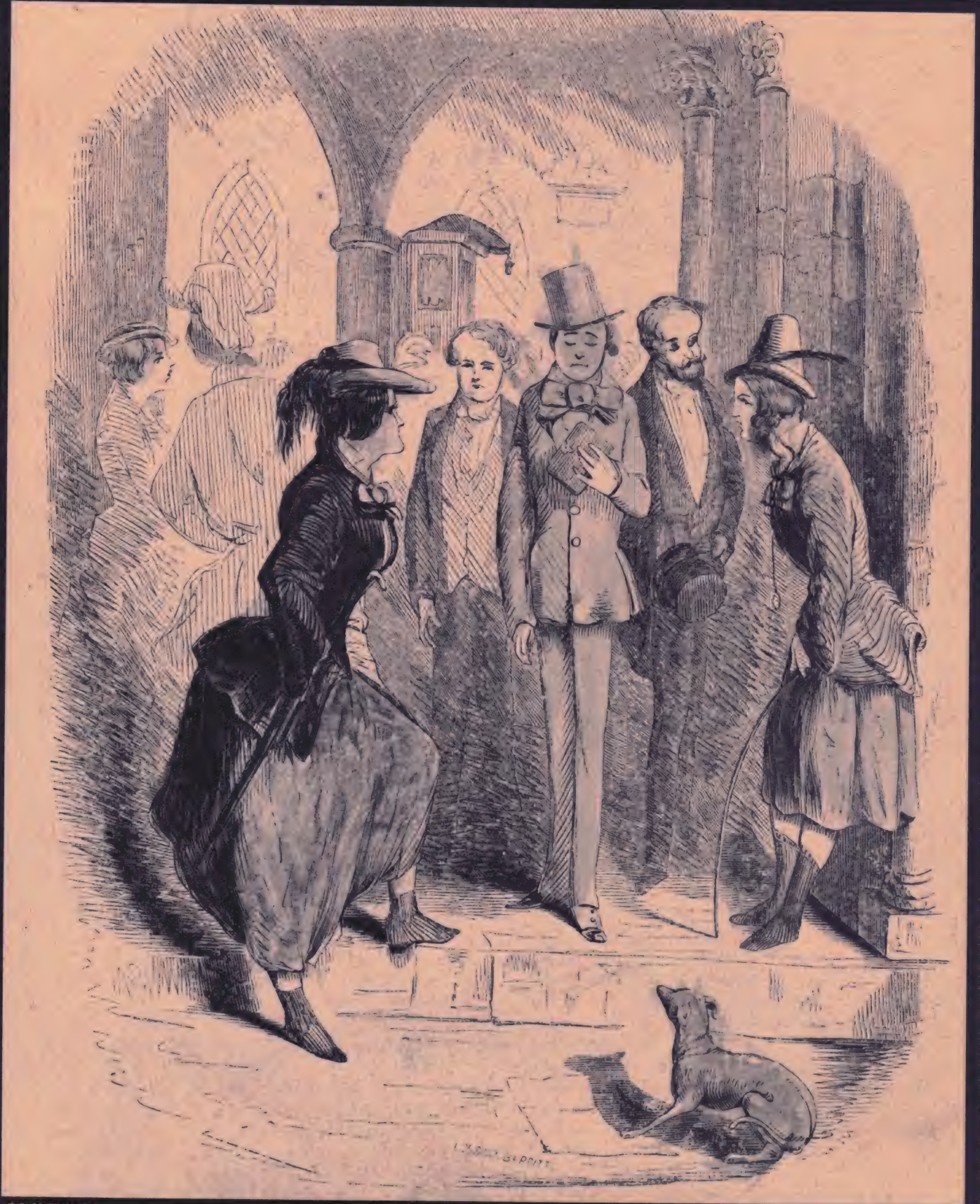


Cartoon of 1870 contrasts healthy ladies with sickly male.



A GREAT NUISANCE (1852)

Dashing Young Lady – "Will you allow me, Sir, the honor of escorting you home?"
Modest Young Gentleman – "I thank you, Miss. I will not trouble you. Mamma promised to send the carriage for me."



COSTUMBRES FRANCESAS

Las prietas



Staid Mexican colonel (1852) is shocked by cigar-smoking bluestockings.



GIRL NO. 2

SHERRY ANN KUMMER







DESPITE HER NAME, SHERRY IS NEITHER AGED NOR MELLOW. "TEQUILA" WOULD SUIT HER BETTER BECAUSE SHE HAS BOTH FIRE AND SHARPNESS OF WIT. HOWEVER, YOU CAN EASILY SEE HOW TALKED-ABOUT SHERRY MIGHT GET IF THE NAME "TEQUILA KUMMER" EVER APPEARED IN A HIGHSCHOOL YEARBOOK. WE MET SHERRY THROUGH ONE OF OUR MOST INVENTIVE PHOTOGRAPHERS, EDDIE ROCCO, A BOSTON-BORN CHAP NOW HAPPILY GONE HOLLYWOOD. LIKE ALL GRAFTED-ON CALIFORNIANS, EDDIE IS FOREVER BOASTING ABOUT HIS ADOPTED STATE, ESPECIALLY ABOUT ITS GORGEOUS GIRLS. INDEED, DURING A RECENT VISIT TO THE DUDE OFFICE, EDDIE ARGUED MADLY WITH ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPHER, ALSO VISITING, ABOUT GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS. THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHER WAS AN ENGLISHMAN, VERY SET IN HIS MANNER AND VERY SUPERIOR IN HIS OPINIONS. BRITISH GIRLS, HE SAID, ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ETCETERA IN THE WORLD. THEY ARE FRESH, FAIR, SAUCY AND SEDUCTIVE, THE BRITON INSISTED. NATURALLY, WE CAN'T TAKE SIDES. ALL WE SAID WAS, "GO TO IT BOYS — TAKE SOME PICTURES — LET THE READERS DECIDE." SHERRY IS MR. ROCCO'S SIDE OF THE GREAT GIRL CONTROVERSY. VIEWED FROM ANY ANGLE, SHE IS A GREAT ADVERTISEMENT FOR CALIFORNIA LIVING. WHAT DO YOU THINK, FELLOWS?





THRU THE LOOP holes of government

with

BETTY BOOP

THE PARTIES CHOICE AND
YOURS ALSO

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD 5¢

SOUND THE SIREN
IRENE for

BRING BACK DECENCY
TO GOVERNMENT



VOTE for DILLIGENT
MILIGENT



Election Year 1964 ☒

Women & The American Presidency

A. M. THOMPSON

If we believe, with Freud, that sex influences everything, then we must view U.S. Presidential elections in the same light. Other, varying influences may conspire to make or break a candidate, or a President during his term of office, but since the President is a man and about half the voters are women—sex inevitably must raise its pretty little head. A cynic once said that if Valentino had been a native American, something that is required of all candidates, he might easily have been carried shoulder-high to the White House by millions of adoring female voters. Actually, this is carrying cynicism—and Valentino—too far, but it is not unlikely to believe The Sheik could (Continued on page 68)

URAI
SIDEN

GO
LLY
GO
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TE
VA

ALL THE WAY
★ WITH FAY ★



Vote for your friend and mine
"FABULOUS FAY"

IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE. LULITA
FINKLEBAUM for PRESIDENT

THE BIG TALENT OF LITTLE EGYPT



Little Egypt is living proof that most of the good things in life come in small packages. A dividend check, a key dropped from a lady's window, the registration papers to a new Facel Vega—all take up so little space, and all are most pretty to behold. Unless you're a hermit or something, you must know that Little Egypt is the best belly dancer in the world. And, if you know that, you're probably also aware that her fascinatin' rhythm is as different from the run-of-the-gin mill belly dancer's as Nijinsky's was from that of a Dutch clog dancer. Actually, this is hardly a surprise, since she is a direct descendant of the original Little Egypt who wowed them at the Chicago Fair back in the 1890s. "My great grandmother was a great dancer," the 1964 Little Egypt says, "and my task is to live up to her reputation." Little Egypt was born Lorraine Egypt in Brooklyn, N.Y., she had the name legally changed after she became queen of the shebas. Egypt, who looks a lot like the young Liz Taylor, gets slightly mad when she discusses her many imitators. "I have the authentic Egyptian and Arabic movement," she says. "I use all of me—not just the arms and hips. I dance from head to toe." Starting as an occasional performer at Middle Eastern cafes in her native Brooklyn, Little Egypt, in a few brief years, shimmied herself all the way to the top—Broadway, Las Vegas, Hollywood. You name the glitter scene—and she's been there. Man! She is even on the cover of this month's DUDE.







A SLIP OF THE TONGUE

RIBALD CLASSIC BY MARGARET OF NAVARRE

HOW A LADY RECOUNTING AN ADVENTURE OF
GALLANTRY INADVERTENTLY BETRAYED HER OWN SECRET



n the time of King Francis I, there was a lady of the blood royal who had honour, virtue, and beauty, and who knew how to tell a story with grace and also to laugh at a good one when she heard it.* This lady, being at one of her houses, was visited by all her dependents and neighbours, by whom she was greatly beloved. Among other visits she received one from a certain lady, who, seeing that everyone told the princess tales to divert her, wished to do like the rest, and

said, "I have a good story to tell you, madam; but you must promise not to speak a word of it. It is quite true, and I can conscientiously give it you as such.

"There was a married lady who lived on very creditable terms with her husband, though he was old and she young. A gentleman in her neighbourhood, seeing she had married this old man, fell in love with her, and solicited her for several years, but she only replied to him as became a virtuous woman. One day it occurred to the gentleman that if he could come upon her at a moment advantageous to himself, she would perhaps not be so cruel. After he had long weighed the danger to which he exposed himself, love smoothed over all difficulties, dissipated his fear and determined him to seek time and opportunity. Keeping good watch for intelligence, he learned that the lady's husband was going away to another of his houses, and intended to set out at daybreak to avoid the heat, whereupon he repaired to the lady and found her asleep in bed. Seeing that the maid-servants were not in the chamber, he got into the lady's bed, booted and spurred as he was, without having had the wit to lock the door. She awoke, and was very much vexed to see him there; but in spite of all her remonstrances there was no stopping him — he violated her, and threatened, if she made a noise to tell everybody she had sent for him; which frightened her so much that she durst not cry out. One of the servants came back some moments afterwards into the chamber. The gentleman jumped up with such celerity that she would not have noticed anything if his spur had not stuck in the top sheet, and carried it clean off the bed, leaving the lady quite naked."

So far the lady had told her story as if of another; but here she could not help saying: "Never was woman more astonished than I when I found myself thus naked."

The princess, who had listened to the whole tale without a smile, could not then restrain her laughter, and said, "I see you were quite right in saying you knew the story to be true." The poor lady tried hard to mend the matter; but there was no possibility of finding a good plaster for it.

* The lady of the blood royal whom Margaret eulogises so highly was probably her mother, who was very fond of hearing all sorts of court gossip.



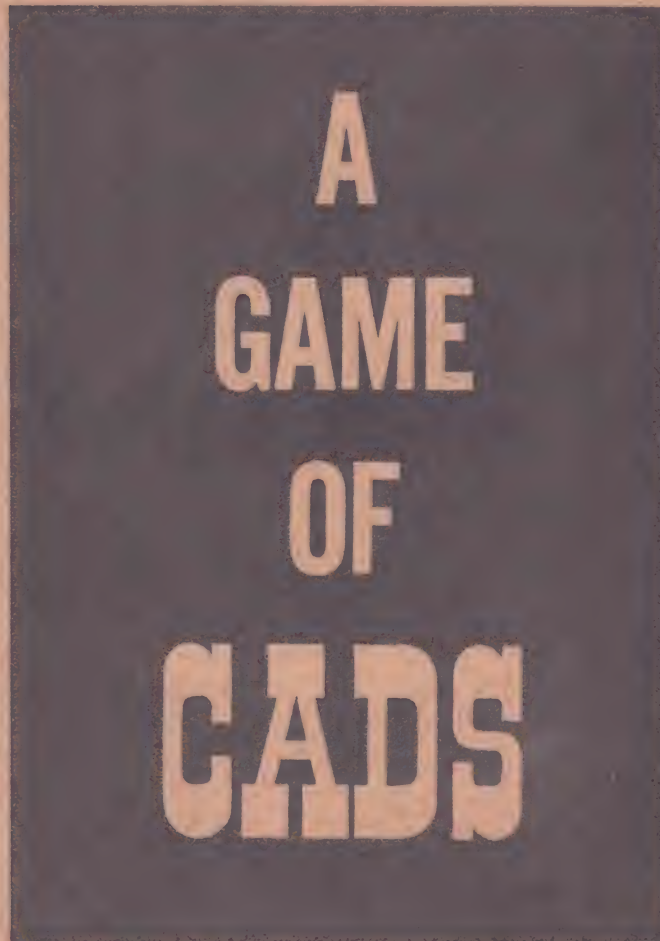
"And now let's try it to waltz tempo."



"I'm really not that kind of girl — but keep talking."

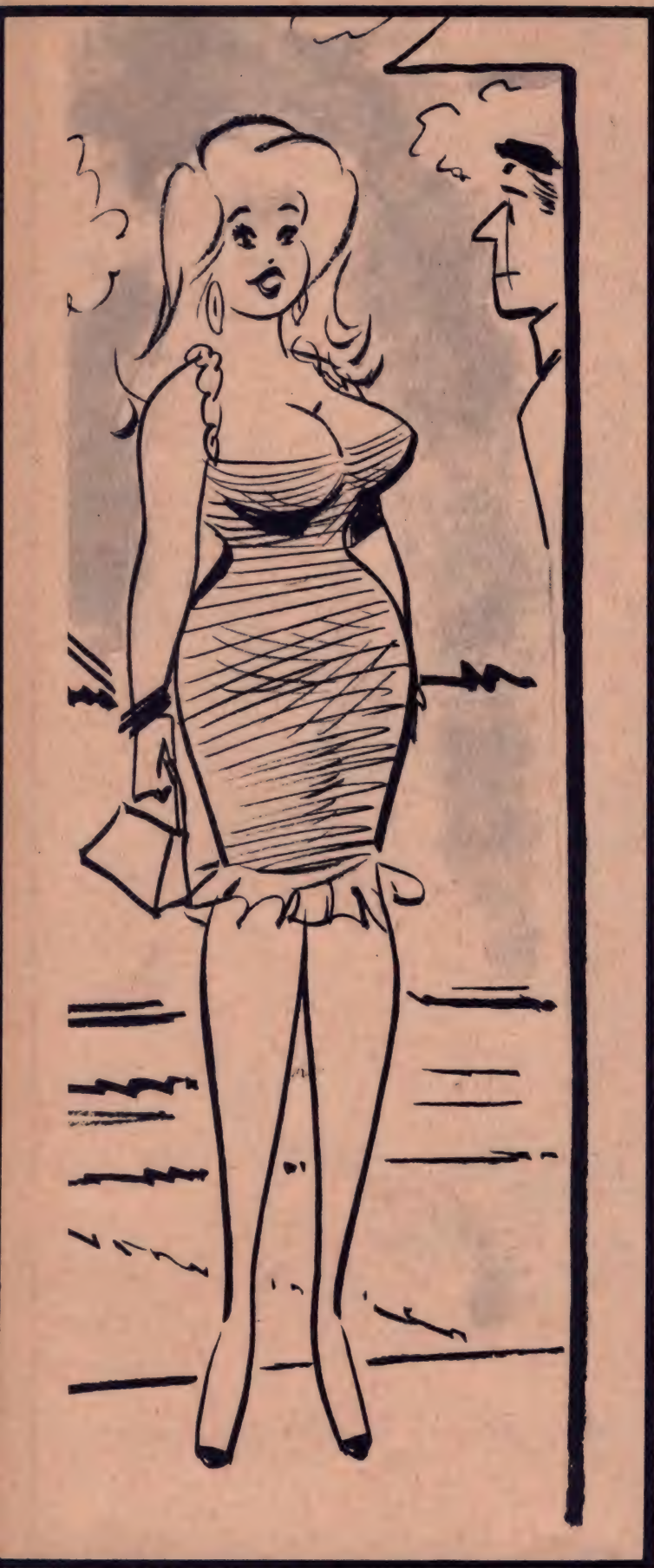


"We have a lot in common, Miss Fordice —
I think BIG."





"I was wondering when you'd notice it —
you popped out after that sneeze a while back."



"I believe you joined a hobby-of-the-month club —
I'm June."



"Sure I know bigamy is against the law,
but what a ball while it lasted."



"That's an unfortunate habit, Celia.
Smoking in bed can be disastrous."

THE HARDBOILED DICKS



RON GOULART Manufactured violence isn't what it used to be. Today's popular mass media violence is bland, respectable and approved by committee. But back in the reigning days of Hoover and Roosevelt there was a free-swinging and uninhibited violence. The stuff was found chiefly, not in the movies or on the radio, but in the pages of the pulp magazines. It was practiced by that underrated folk hero, the hardboiled detective.

Though he flourished in the Thirties the hardboiled

detective actually was born in the early 1920s. Dashiell Hammett helped shape the definite image. As did Erle Stanley Gardner and, later, Raymond Chandler. The magazine that contributed the most to the creation, development and promotion of the hardboiled dick was *Black Mask*. This pulp had first appeared at the end of World War I, featuring then the polite and puzzling detective stories that were popular in both America and England. However, the changes in American life that began in the Twenties were soon reflected in the *Black*

Mask stories. The disillusionment, the cynicism, the detachment mixed with romanticism and the compulsion toward action took over.

This new kind of native American detective story caught on. The hardboiled trend spread to such pulp magazines as *Detective Fiction Weekly* and Street & Smith's *Detective Story Magazine*. Machine guns, tough guys, .45 automatics, hoodlums, cops and cons blossomed on the bright covers of the pulps. The bandwagon, black and low slung probably, began to roll and the Thirties saw more and more magazines getting into the detective business. Now available at the newsstands were *Action Detective*, *Greater Gangster Stories*, *Dime Detective*, *Nickel Detective*, *Black Aces*, *Black Book Detective*, *Double Detective*, *Triple Detective*, *Strange Detective*, *Gang World*, *Thrilling Detective*, *Crime Busters*, *Spicy Detective* and *New Detective*.

The first of the hardboiled private investigators was called Race Williams, a character created for *Black Mask* by Carroll John Daly in the early 20s. Like many private eyes to come Race Williams was tough, terse, wise and sometimes sentimental. Williams once explained himself this way, "The papers are always either roasting me for shooting down minor criminals or praising me for gunning out the big shots. But when you're hunting the top guy, you have to kick aside—or shoot aside—the gunman he hires. You can't make hamburger without grinding up a little meat."

Race Williams had violent habits. "Many people have their little peculiarities. Mine was holding a loaded gun in my hand while I slept." Or "One thing was certain. The dead body didn't belong in my room . . . I simply dragged the corpse to the window, looked down at the darkness some seventeen stories below, and then—oh, it may be brutal and all that, but why beat around a stiff? I just lifted him up and chucked him out." Williams was great in shoot-outs, too. "I shot him five times. Five times smack in the stomach, before he could ever squeeze that trigger. Surprised? He was amazed. At least, he should have been. Anyway, he was dead—deader than hell before he folded up and sat down on the floor."

And when it came to making memorable entrances Race Williams was right there. For instance, "I just lifted my foot and let the door have it. Then I walked into the hall. The butler was sailing ungracefully across the highly polished wood until he struck a small rug and continued on that. Rough? Of course it was rough. But if you're going to force your way into a place, let it be determined. Let them be damned thankful that you didn't shoot your way in." And, "If you are referring to Race Williams," said the count, "let me assure you that he is not behind that curtain. He has been taken care of, and you are not going to leave this room without providing me with—" That was my cue and I took it. I like the dramatic just as much as any one. I stepped into the room."

After Williams the pulps quickly produced a multitude of hardboiled detectives. Among them Sam Spade, Flashgun Casey, Philip Marlowe, Black Burton, Tough Dick Donahue, Señor Lobo, Keyhole Kerry, Battle McKim, Steve Midnight, Red Drake, Red Regan, Big Red Brennan, Satan Hall, Clay Holt, Bookie Barnes, Flash Cordovan, Bail-Bond Dodds, Loneragan of Frisco, Blue Barrel, Martin Breed, Rex Sackler, Ed Migrane and Angel Allen.

Despite the mushrooming competition *Black Mask* remained number one. The magazine had several editors but the most important one was a man named Joseph T. Shaw. Shaw edited *Black Mask* for roughly a decade, from the mid-20s to the mid-30s. He had been a captain

in the Army during the First World War and when he was given the editorship of the magazine he had never seen or heard of it before. In fact, he had never read a pulp magazine of any kind. Of the writers that the previous editors had introduced and encouraged Shaw singled out Dashiell Hammett as the one to be the corner stone of the new improved *Black Mask*. "Hammett was the leader in the thought that finally brought the magazine its distinctive form," Shaw said much later. "Without that it was and would still have been just another magazine . . . Hammett began to set character before situation, and led some others along that path."

Dashiell Hammett's stories were not simply character studies. They were fast, terse narratives that revealed character in terms of action. Although Hammett told his stories in an objective realistic style he was also melodramatic. He was, as Ellery Queen put it, a romantic realist. Hammett had been a detective himself, with the Pinkerton agency. As a result of his service in World War I he developed tuberculosis. He is supposed to have cured himself by holing up in a hotel room in San Francisco and drinking. At any rate, it was while in San Francisco that he started writing.

Most of Hammett's stories used San Francisco of the Twenties as a setting and were first person adventures of a heavy set, middle aged and nameless operative for the Continental Detective Agency. The Continental Op became one of *Black Mask's* most popular characters. Then in 1929 *Black Mask* ran "The Maltese Falcon" as a serial. This realistic melodrama about Casper Gutman, Joel Cairo and the quest for the jewel encrusted statue of the falcon introduced Sam Spade. Spade is one of Hammett's best known characters but he appears only in this one book and in three short stories that were written for the slicks in the early Thirties. Hammett wrote two more books—"The Glass Key" and "The Thin Man"—then stopped. He worked in Hollywood as a screen writer. He invented the comic strip "Secret Agent X-9". But he didn't write any more detective stories. Hammett died in 1961 at the age of 66. All his published work had been produced in a period of a little over ten years.

Besides Hammett, Shaw featured: Carroll John Daly, whose Race Williams stories could boost an issue's circulation fifteen percent; Erle Stanley Gardner, who was writing mostly about a reformed crook named Ed Jenkins; George Harmon Coxe and his stories about Casey, Crime Photographer; Raoul Whitfield, who turned out tough wise-cracking stories about an assortment of hardboiled dicks; Frederick Nevel with his stories of a tough police captain named MacBride; Lester Dent, who managed to do only three stories for *Black Mask* although under a pen name he ground out 287 pulp novels about Doc Savage.

In 1933 Shaw bought the first story by Raymond Chandler. The story was called "Blackmailers Don't Shoot" and Chandler, then 45, had spent five months writing it. Shaw paid him \$180 for it. Chandler had been educated in England and the contrasts between English and American speech fascinated him. He had been various kinds of business man but the depression made him look around for new ways to earn a living. He had traveled quite and took to reading pulp detective magazines because they were easily transportable and disposable. Unlike Erle Stanley Gardner, who produced a complete story every three days, Raymond Chandler was always slow at it. He would start writing, triple spacing on half sheets of paper, and keep writing and rewriting until he seemed to have a finished story. To Chandler the best plot was one that allowed a large

number of good scenes and he often lost track of details himself. During the filming of "The Big Sleep" a confusion arose as to whether a character had committed suicide or been murdered. Chandler was asked to clear up this point in his book and he had to admit that he couldn't remember himself.

In his pulp days Chandler wrote about a private investigator named John Dalmas and one named Mallory. For his books he turned them both into Philip Marlowe. Marlowe was built on the Hammett foundation but he was more introspective and articulate than Sam Spade or The Continental Op. Marlowe had a gift for metaphor and simile that made his first person adventures both vivid and poetic. It is difficult to be hardboiled and poetic at the same time. Raymond Chandler managed to bring it off. The Hammett stories had the habit, possibly a carry over from Hammett's days of studying wanted posters, of describing each character with a catalogue of his features and clothing. Chandler was even fonder of cataloguing and he often began his stories with a detailed description of the house or building Marlowe was going to enter. Then would come a head to toe description of the butler or doorman and finally a complete description of the client Marlow had come to see.

Joseph T. Shaw was never content with simply printing the best stories by the best writers in *Black Mask*. He had a knack for writing himself and he often used his editorial page to do some hard-boiled selling. "Recently *Vanity Fair*, one of the white paper magazines . . . told all about how the wood pulps cater to people who don't know or care anything about real literature," he wrote in 1933. "We venture to assert that *Vanity Fair* itself would not find too favorable comparison between its regular fiction and article writers and those of *Black Mask*." Shaw also told his readers about any movie sales his writers were making. They were making quite a few in the 30s. "The Maltese Falcon", for instance, was filmed twice before the 1939 Humphrey Bogart version. Shaw was preoccupied, too, with the size of his authors. He once published a list of all of them who were over six feet tall. Hammett, Whitfield, Gardner, Nebel and Daly were. "Has a tall man loftier ideas? Is he higher minded?" asked Shaw

In 1936 Shaw, after disagreements with the publishers, left *Black Mask*. The magazine survived into the 1940s, featuring such current hardboiled writers as John D. MacDonald and William Campbell Gault. By the early Fifties, long after it had been assimilated by the publishers of its chief rivals, *Black Mask* was using mostly reprints for old issues. It succumbed and in 1953 Ellery Queen's magazine bought the title. Queen still runs the line "including *Black Mask*" on its masthead but they rarely make much other use of the name any more.

While they lasted the hardboiled detective stories had several distinct characteristics. For one thing there was the infinite number of ways they had of grabbing your attention and pulling you into the action. Which this assortment of opening hooks will show:

It was a diamond all right, shining in the grass half a dozen feet from the blue brick wall.

Samuel Spade said, "My name is Ronald Ames."

I dropped to one knee and fired twice.

The girl was crazy as hell—or, if she wasn't she thought I was.

There was a desert wind blowing that night. It was one of those hot dry Santa Anas that come down through the mountain passes and curl your hair and make your nerves jump and your skin itch. On nights

like that every booze party ends in a fight. Meek little wives feel the edge of the carving knife and study their husbands' necks. Anything can happen. You can even get a full glass of beer at a cocktail lounge.

There was something about the man in the brown suit that Jerry Tracy didn't like.

She was a long, blue-eyed girl who lay squarely on her back with the sun shining in her mouth.

The hardboiled detectives usually limited their activities to the big cities—New York, Chicago, San Francisco or Los Angeles. *Black Mask* referred to Los Angeles and Hollywood as the new Wild West and the Hollywood private eye story became a school in itself. For a time there was even a pulp magazine called *Hollywood Detective*. Many of the pulp writers came West in the Thirties and when they weren't writing for the movies they were turning out pulp stories with Southern California settings. Raymond Chandler's image of Hollywood and its fringes was a jigsaw mixture of reality and fantasy and, while some say it's not like that in Hollywood any more, the Chandler version is the one that had the most influence on both writers and readers.

There was always plenty of action in the pulp detective stories. It was not always as wild as that of Race Williams. Sometimes there was a detached, almost sonambulist quality about it. As in this passage from an early story by Paul Cain: "The little man came into the room quickly and kicked the side of Kells' head very hard. Kells relaxed his grip on Rose, and Rose stood up. He brushed himself off and went over and kicked Kells' head and face several times . . . He kicked Kells very carefully, drawing his foot back and aiming, and then kicking very accurately and hard. The kitten jumped off the desk and went to Kells' bloody head and sniffed delicately."

The hardboiled dicks themselves were straight forward and single minded in most stories but they often favored problems of complex intrigue and interlaced betrayal. "A guy named Alfred Poore and a jane named Irene Saffarans brought the diamond over here from France. Poore lifted it from a dowager duchess in Cannes this winter past. Coming over, the jane planted it on an artist named Crosby . . . Crosby got knifed to death by a guy named Babe Delaney, who made Poore and the Saffarans jane let him in on the racket . . . Poore gunned for Delaney and I got Poore and they sent him to the Big House . . . It turned out the ice had been planted in one of Crosby's hats and when he got home Crosby gave his janitor, a guy named Adler, some old clothes—among them the hat. The Saffarans jane got clear after Poore went up, and she hooked up with a guy named Bruhard. Bruhard bumped off Adler in Grove Street, got the hat but not the diamond. Adler had had the hat cleaned. Bonalino worked in the hat-cleaning store . . . He found the ice, Bonalino got gunned . . . the jane got ten years. Nobody concerned got the real ice. Do you get me now?"

The pulp magazines, of course, are now long gone. They were the victims of the competition from television, which took over the private detective. But the hardboiled detective of television is only a vague facsimile of the original. The pruning of large quantities of violence from television was supposed to help the general state of things. People, though, seem as tense and jumpy as ever. An alternate theory seems possible. Namely, that to produce bliss and euphoria what is needed is not less but more makebelieve violence. Maybe we ought to bring back violence. and, while we're at it, let's bring back the old-fashioned grass-roots violence of our founding hard-boiled detectives.



THE GOLDEN HAIR (Continued from page 8)

"Heavens, don't try," she pleaded. "I'd never understand. I'd only waste your time."

George smiled compassionately. "Maybe you're right. It's pretty intricate." Then, off-handedly: "By the way, Millie, I've been thinking you should take a run down to Philadelphia and visit your parents. You're long overdue."

"Why, that's a marvelous idea, George. But you never like me to leave you. The house goes to pieces when I'm not here."

"Oh, I can mangle for a few days," he said magnanimously. "Anyway, I have two business dinners coming up at the end of the week. I'll hardly know you're gone."

"It's a splendid idea, George. If you really don't mind."

"Not a bit. They can put a cot up for you and your mother and you can visit and talk all you want."

Millie frowned. "Oh, that cot. It's terribly uncomfortable. I think I'll take a room at a motel this time. It's so much easier that way. Easier for Mother and Dad. That way I won't be underfoot."

"As you like, Millie. A motel is more convenient, isn't it?"

Millie nodded gratefully. George smiled and returned to his transformer, thinking: Millie never used to like motels.

She was back the next Sunday, coyly chastizing herself for shirking household duties for five whole days. But George would understand—she and Mother had had so much to talk about.

Of course, of course; George understood. And to himself: five days at Mother's, five nights at the motel. Five nights' worth of golden hair, enough to fill the Italian leather box to overflowing. Overflowing with golden hair.

He was ready. Everything was arranged. Accidental electrocution. A lovely symptomatic death. It would be beautiful. The logic, the precision of it—everything in its appointed place.

They dined well that night. George had roasted a leg of lamb. To celebrate his dear wife's return, he said with a gallant bow. Millie smiled sweetly. They had mint jelly and roast potatoes and asparagus tips. They drank a bottle of imported rosé and Millie grew giggly.

"Heavens, Georgie, I think I'm drunk. I'm not used to so much wine. I feel giddy."

"It's good for you, Millie. Relaxes. You owe it to yourself. It's not every night we have a party like this."

Before bed George ran himself a bath. He undressed and lowered himself into the hot water. Steam rose about him, turning the room into a sultry den. He luxuriated, lay back, wriggled about, abandoned himself to pleasure. Millie came in and stared in surprise.

"George! I've never known you to take a bath. Not in five years. You *do* look funny in there, all furry."

"I'm a Roman in his bath. Life is sensation, laws are lies to placate the lawyers and priests. All is permitted. Down with order, let hedonism rise! Hail amorality!"

"Georgie, please! You frighten me."

"Come stick your toes in. I'll wash your feet."

"But I have my shoes on."

"Well, sit on the stool and I'll take them off."

"Very well, but don't splash me. My goodness, you *do* look funny in there."

George laughed suavely and pulled off her shoes. He set one in each corner and proceeded to wash Millie's feet, tickling her on the soles from time to time. She giggled and tried to pinch him with her toes. Then, clumsily, he knocked one of her shoes into the tub.

"Oh, now look what you've done! You've ruined my shoe."

"Damn, I'm sorry. I'll buy another pair."

"But I liked that pair."

"Well, maybe we can salvage this one."

Millie withdrew her feet and pouted. "I liked *that* pair. Now you've ruined it."

"OK, Millie, I said I'm sorry. I'll find you another pair just like it. I didn't do it on purpose. I *meant* well."

Millie softened, delivered absolution. "Oh, I know, dear. It's all right. It's the wine—it makes me snappy. I'm sorry. Anyway, you were sweet to wash my feet. It felt nice. And you *do* look so funny lying there. You're the funniest thing imaginable."

"Come on, Millie," George cooed shyly; "don't stand there looking at me. It's embarrassing."

Millie giggled and turned to leave.

"Oh, Millie, do me a favor and get me the radio. It's in the kitchen, on the table. I took it in to hear the news at breakfast."

Millie's brow wrinkled. "Radios are dangerous in the bathroom. You can get a shock. I've read that."

"No, no, I'll be careful. Come on. I want to hear the evening news. Run get it for me like a good girl, OK?"

"All right. But promise to be careful." Millie smiled sweetly and waited.

"Well?" George demanded.

"Promise?"

George damped his explosion just in time. "Keerice, Millie! Yes, I promise! Good God, I promise. You think I want to electrocute myself? Yes yes yes yes, I'll be careful. Honor bright and cross my heart."

Millie nodded and smiled the patient pious smile the Pure reserved for the Wicked. George's resolve hardened.

From the bedroom came sounds of search. From George, a sly smile.

"George, have you seen my slippers? I can't find them anywhere."

"No, Millie. I haven't seen them all week." It was true. He had tucked them away in a trunk in the attic the same day Millie left for her parents'.

"Dear me, I can't imagine where I left them."

"Please, Millie, run out to the kitchen and bring me the radio. The floor's clean; I swept it this afternoon. You won't get your feet dirty. If you do, I'll wash them again."

"Very well. If you promise."

George's fists clenched. "Yes, sweet, I promise." 'Keerice, Keerice, Keerice,' he seethed to himself.

He could hear her paddling down the hall. She would enter the kitchen, push the silent-switch, and spy the radio standing on the table. Barefooted, she would go to it; being simpleminded, she would not notice the floor was damp where he had meticulously slopped water two hours before. Barefooted, she would stand by the table and reach for the plug. Her fingers would close and then God only knew how many hundreds or thousands of volts would lock her fast to a swift searing death. A doctored plug, a special transformer, and heavy duty wires. A few manuals on home wiring. A bit of native ingenuity.

Quickly he would rise from the tub, go to the basement, and disconnect the transformer. He would carry her to the bedroom, strip her, drop her in the still-warm tub. Add bath-salts—lilac, her favorite scent—and place the radio on the stool. Turn it on, then summon the police. The coroner would come and declare her dead by accidental electrocution. Accidental. A symptomatic death. George closed his eyes and sighed happily. It was all

so logical. So precise. So beautiful. And the golden hairs, safe in their leather nest, would never know what happened.

"George!" A long failing scream, then nothing. George clambered from the tub, his mind lost in the perfection of it all. His foot lit on the bathmat. The mat started, skittered away from him. His legs fought frantically for balance, had it in their grasp, let it slip away. Without a cry he fell. The edge of the tub knifed across his spine two-thirds of the way up. The porcelain clucked knowingly when his head struck.

Two white backs seeped into his consciousness. He blinked, focused. A big back and a little back. The little back turned and gave a glad sound. "Mr. Sampson, you're conscious! Doctor, he's conscious."

The big back swung round and surveyed him. "Well, Sampson, you've kept us guessing. Quite a while. Glad you're back with us. Now, if you can understand me, blink three times."

George blinked three times. Blink? Why blink? The man must be crazy.

He worked his throat into position for some caustic remark. Nothing happened. His lips, his tongue, his mouth would not respond. He told his head to move. Nothing. He screamed at his body to wiggle, to bounce, to twitch. Nothing. He could not move. He could not feel himself. He could only blink.

"Good," said the doctor. "I'm glad you have your mental faculties. Now, let's arrange some signals. One blink will mean 'yes' and two will mean 'no'. Now, do you understand me?"

One blink.

"Good. And do you know my name?"

Two blinks.

"Fine. In fact, I'm Doctor Thomas. Now, tell me, can you feel anything? Anything at all?"

Two blinks.

"Can you move? Try very hard. Can you move?"

Two blinks.

Doctor Thomas nodded sadly, professionally. He came to the bed, slid his hand under George's back, and lifted slowly. "Now can you feel anything?"

Two blinks.

"Again, please. I didn't see your answer."

Two more blinks.

Another sad, professional nod.

"Well, Sampson, I'm going to be honest with you. You broke your back in that fall—let's see, almost five weeks ago now—and your central nervous system has been damaged. Perhaps eventually it can be repaired and you'll move again. There's no telling what state those nerves are in. Perhaps an operation might help. And rehabilitation. The rehabilitation people do astounding things these days. In short, I want you to hope—but not too strongly. Medicine has come a long way but it can't perform miracles. We'll help you, we'll care for you, we'll do everything possible. You'll be comfortable. But you may not be moving for some time yet. Right now I wouldn't venture to say how long. We'll have to wait and see. Patience is our motto."

Two blinks.

"Yes, Sampson, I'm telling you the truth. Do You understand?"

One blink.

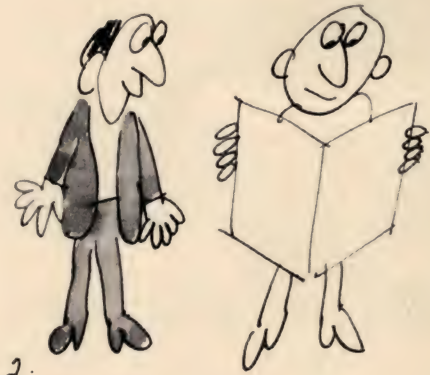
"And you don't like what I'm saying?"

Two blinks.

"I don't either. But I promise we'll do everything we can. We need time. At least you're clear-headed. You had a nasty fall and the way you hit your head, we feared you might never wake up. It's a blessing the brain is



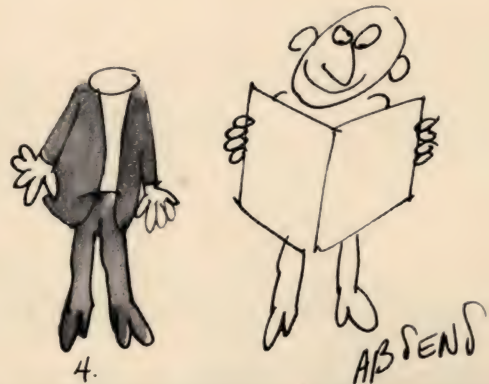
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healthy." The doctor tapped a chart. "If your improvement is steady, we should be able to send you home before long. Home surroundings will be more cheerful."

George tried to arch his brows in surprise. Nothing. But the doctor detected something. "No, your wife is quite all right. As nearly as we could piece it together, you had some indication she was hurt and when you went to her aid, you slipped and fell. She got a nasty burn when she tried to unplug a radio. Said she was bringing it to you. A defective plug. Her hand is slightly scarred, nothing more. Lucky. Household accidents can be serious. And a bathroom is no place for a radio." He cleared his throat pontifically. "She's outside. She comes here every day and waits, just on the chance you'll regain consciousness. A plucky little woman. I'll have her come in."

Moments later Millie entered, beaming sweetly. She went on tip-toe to the bed. George wanted to say 'Keerice, Millie, you don't have to tip-toe; no one's asleep.' He blinked furiously instead.

"George, you're awake, you're conscious! I'm so thankful."

"Mrs. Sampson," the doctor interrupted, "he will blink once to answer 'yes' to a question and twice to answer 'no'. He can't talk so it's best if you frame your remarks so that he can answer with a yes or a no."

Millie understood. "Certainly, Doctor. Georgie dear, you're all right? I mean you can hear me and understand?"

One reluctant blink.

Gravely she asked: "Does it hurt?"

Two blinks.

"Oh, I'm so thankful. It would be terrible if it hurt." The sweet smile returned. "I'll take care of you, George. I'll nurse you when they send you home; I'll do everything I can to make you comfortable. The doctor said it might be some time before you can talk"—a swift intake of breath as she caught the doctor's warning look—"I mean it'll take time. It's only natural—you had such a terrible fall. What a terrible pity!" Brightening: "Anyway, what I was going to say is that we'll invent a way of talking. Some kind of alphabet for you. It'll be fun! Thank goodness you can blink. We can do it that way."

Two blinks.

"No? 'No' what?"

Two blinks.

"I'm confused, Georgie dear. You don't like my idea? Well, perhaps we can work out something else. All it

will take is some patience and cooperation." After a pause she continued on a different tack. "Dear, there's someone outside who would like to see you. He's been very kind all these weeks. Carl Vogler. He says he knows you quite well."

Carl Vogler? He knew no Carl Vogler. Maybe there was brain damage after all. Amnesia.

Two blinks.

"Carl Vogler? Of course you know him. He's the bartender at the Hickory House. You know: Carl. I'll bet you never knew his last name. Aren't men funny? Know someone that well and not know his last name."

She called him in. It was Carl, unquestionably. George had never seen him anywhere but at the bar. He looked different in bright daylight. Older, better looking.

"Carl's been such a god-send, Georgie. These have been difficult days and all the while he's stayed by my side. A great comfort."

Carl smiled down at George. "Glad to see you on the mend, George. We'll be building you a few Scotches on the rocks before long, eh?"

Millie's smile was radiant. "I'll let you men talk a little."

She withdrew and Carl came closer. "So, you're asking yourself what happened. You can't believe it. Right? OK, neither can I. You bungled it, just like you said you would. I saw your little rig and it's beautiful. You had the makings of a lovely accidental death there—and you bungled it! The wall plug burned out. You put heavy wires in everywhere except inside the wall plug. So, when she touched the plug those little wires you forgot to replace just burned right up. And you know what? She doesn't even know. Hasn't a suspicion. You were right—she's awfully stupid. If her head weren't fastened down, she'd lose it. But you were wrong about one thing, George—he winked solemnly—"she's not so sweet and long-suffering as you thought. It may be her way with you—but it's not her only way. You just never learned how to make that old baseball hop and twist." He winked again and moved toward the door. "I'll be seeing you. I'm around a lot, giving Millie a hand. They say you're pretty paralyzed, so she'll be needing all the support she can get. Take it easy, George. You old bungler, you."

He gave a wave and opened the door. A shaft of sunlight fell across him and lit his golden hair to a high brilliance. Then he was gone.

Two desperate blinks.

Two more.



IN UTTER NAKEDNESS

JULIETTE ROWELL Until Steven Blake enrolled in my class I was considered a competent (if somewhat unapproachable) teacher of English.

"I'm going to enjoy your class, Miss Orbach . . . you've got fine lines and your top-side stuff is the very most," was his opening remark to me as I signed him in; this within earshot of several astonished students.

Naturally I was surprised; more, I was completely speechless. I felt as if I had just been classed as some kind of sailing vessel or something. Even though I am only twenty-two . . . and even though I *am* fairly attractive . . . I have always maintained a clinical *sang-froid* in class that worked the desired sedative effect on my male students. Frankly I think most of them were afraid of me. Wait. Perhaps I've overstated my position. My students (the males at any rate) were not so afraid that they neglected to size me up (the chemistry that stimulates Joe College's imagination is not to be denied); but their "size-up" was usually tempered with respect and discretion: strictly on the small smile and no touch basis. While never discriminating, I had managed, nevertheless, to convey the impression that every crew-cut son of them was my secret favorite; a calculable—though potentially dangerous—teacher-student relationship.

But Steven Blake changed all that. He wasn't the least impressed with my impersonal touch; my collective impartiality passed through him in much the same manner as the laughter he provoked (at my expense) passed through the classroom. Within one month he turned my respectfully discreet English Literature majors into simpering, wise-cracking, overtly suggestive monsters.

How did he do it? A difficult question. His methods were as inconsistent and varied as were his moods. And let me say—in all modesty—that Steven Blake was a young man of many moods. He could be—within the impossibly short period of sixty odd minutes:—charming, affable, modest, unassuming, quiet, considerate, loud, boisterous, argumentative, crude, boorish, sneering . . . I could cover a page. Aside from his rugged good looks—which he could either flaunt or depreciate with the *savoir-faire* of a French diplomat—he had one saving grace: one, though, that I ultimately learned to distrust. His smile. This alone was consistent. This alone sustained him. It was gracious . . . that smile. It was boyish. It had a magnitude that was utterly irresistible. One could bear even the cruelest barbs of his sharp tongue; even

his lascivious stares, his innuendos, his sarcastic slams were softened by that benevolent smile. It was guileless, pure, angelic, bracing; it contradicted his rottenest efforts to degrade himself and those around him.

I tried to ignore Steven's negative side at first, mentally marking him as a kid with problems. I was reasonably certain that simple indifference would soon put him down. How could anyone with that smile be wholly bad? I quickly learned I was wrong. Nothing reasonable or simple would suffice in his case. Steven fed on indifference—it spurred him on to ever greater efforts.

Of course had this been the extent of the thing—one square peg in a round hole—I could have easily dealt with the situation . . . could have had him removed from my class. But by the time I learned that Steven was hopeless . . . it was too late. A born leader (the girls were mad about his smile) he soon indoctrinated a large group of others into his exasperating ways.

Exasperating! The perfect word to describe him. Like during one open discussion in class—commenting on my reading of Hamlet—Steven interrupted another student to ask: "Why is it, Miss Orbach, that when you read Shakespeare your voice becomes heavy . . . husky . . . full of Freudian overtones and undertones? Is it possible that Shakespeare's passion strikes some unconscious chord . . . maybe even some . . . er . . . latent perversion within your ample breast?" This quip brought him his expected ration of unsubdued laughter. "That'll be all, Steven," I answered shakily . . . not entirely aware of what he had meant—not entirely unaware either.

But Steven's last-last-straw remark—the one that detonated my final decision (my dangerous decision)—was even more galling; worse, it caught me totally off-guard: made of my red-faced silence an eloquent confession; made me wonder, also, where Steven had gotten such amazing insight. I had been conducting a question and answer forum regarding the place of sex in modern literature: my contention being that sex was as necessary for the growth of literature as for the growth of civilized man. Steven had behaved unusually well that day. Outside of initiating a phonetically realistic series of nasty and sordid sounds (pointing, as he did so, at some innocent student: the meanwhile making a wry face and holding his nose) he had done nothing to alarm me. Indeed, when he held up his hand (he usually merely interrupted whoever was speaking—ignoring that time-honored request for didactic recognition) and I nodded at him, his smile

was so sweet, so saintly, that I was ashamed of myself for having nodded at two others first.

"Yes, Steven?" I finally acknowledged, meeting his eyes; giving him (in my foolish forgetfulness) my teacher-to-favorite-student smile. And so it came. His remark. Hard. Directly to the point. Its implications unmistakable. It wouldn't have been so bad (one got used to Steven abruptly changing the subject) had not his point been so unmistakable . . . so dreadfully personal.

I must admit though that I had a moment's warning. His smile . . . that unfailing (though unfathomable) barometer of love and fraternity, faded for just a breath. It was as if a light had suddenly went out. For just a moment the eyes that stared into mine were haunted . . . insecure. Then the light flashed on again. The smile lines in his cheeks grew deep and cherubic as he said:

"Do you believe, Miss Orbach, that the late Doctor Kinsey's report regarding the solitary sex-habits of unmarried female school teachers was exaggerated? I mean . . . do ninety-nine percent of them under the age of forty practice some form of auto-erotic release? How old are you, Miss Orbach?"

What could I say? I had been manipulated . . . verbally. My red-faced silence was clumsy—an answer would have been even more so. One thing I noticed, though. His habits . . . those simpering, wise-cracking, overtly suggestive disciples of his, uttered neither simper nor wise-crack. The room might as well have been empty. Even his devoted followers were embarrassed to silence.

I was surprised (why, I don't know) to find Steven living in an apartment whose furnishings were so patently out of taste. I suppose I had the notion that intelligence (have I forgotten to mention that aside from his monstrous ways, Steven was a brilliant student?) and taste went hand-in-hand. He had a large nude (very poorly painted) on one wall that reminded me of myself. Yes, I decided as he waved me to a chair, it is me. Steven's painted me. He had accentuated my hips; the curve below my navel was out of proportion too. But my mouth! That was not *my* mouth. How had he managed—painting so ineptly—to convey such viciousness, such a debased mouth? He noticed my disapproving stare.

"I painted your mouth that way, Miss Orbach, because you are such a liar." He checked my denial with a smirk and an upraised hand. "Not, maybe, a conscious liar . . . but a liar all the same. You say things you don't mean. You teach things you don't believe. You say what you think others want you to say. You teach what you think others want to be taught. Why don't you relax . . . it isn't necessary to be phoney. Why don't you just be yourself, Miss Orbach?"

I smiled, curiously calm in the monster's den; curiously exulting in the knowledge that he was far less dangerous here than in class. What did the opinions of this unlicked cub—this rebel—mean to me? "But why, Steven, did you bother to paint that picture, why, when you so obviously dislike me, do you want me hanging around your apartment in the nude?" His eyes opened wide . . . then became heavy-lidded with the meaning of my metaphor. His smile faded . . . glimmered and died. I confess . . . the voluptuousness, the sheer joy of baiting him warmed me to the groin.

"But I . . ." he stammered thickly.

"Yes," I replied, feeling the odd pity and regret one feels at the fall of a big man; feeling, also, a kill-joy probe of guilt at the warmth that pervaded my groin, "You're wondering why I've come to your apartment."

"No," he answered quietly, his face strangely vacant

without its smile. "I know why you're here."

"Oh," I feigned tolerant amusement. "Suppose you tell me then . . . because actually, Steven, I don't myself know why I'm here."

"You're here to let me begin painting you."

"I'm what?" My astonishment brought his smile back . . . and with it returned all of his satanic cocksureness (or might not self-confidence sound less bizarre . . . less anatomically?)

"I'm going to paint you."

"Paint *me*?" my astonishment increased; his mile grew more malevolent.

"Yes. In the nude."

"In the *nude*?" I felt foolishly like a parrot, but was incapable of further utterance.

"Yes . . . like the one on the wall there. Only much better. That was painted from memory . . . memory and imagination."

After three deep breaths: "You're insufferable, Steven Blake! You degrade me in class . . . ruin a teacher-student relationship that took me years to build . . . and then expect me to pose for you . . . and in the *nude*."

"But you wouldn't be here if I hadn't given you the *treatment*."

"What do you mean?" I tried not to look at him—his smile was cheating me of my rage.

"I mean simply that had I, Steven Blake, an insignificant, quiet, unassuming student approached you to come to my apartment and pose in the nude, you would have had me tossed out on my ear. Right? You see I had to use extreme methods to get you here."

I stared at him, scarcely believing what I had heard. Was it possible that this sweet-smiling louse had been baiting me all along? Had he cajoled me—with such diabolical cleverness—merely so that I would let him paint me? Then suddenly, as often happens with me, the whole ridiculous scene came into focus. I laughed. I more than laughed. I saw myself the scape-goat of a long-range plan . . . and it had worked. The situation was so appalling, so grotesque, that it moved me to uncontrollable mirth. I bent forward in my chair and laughed until the tears flowed.

"Well," Steven demanded, when my laughter finally subsided. "Are you going to let me paint you or not?"

What could I say? The plot had moved along this far on the impetus of such unusual wit and patience . . . it would have been unthinkable to stop things now; down-right anticlimax. Besides . . . I wanted to pose for him. My mirth had provided an interval for thought . . . and in the mood of laughter's spontaneity an idea had been born. I knew myself—knew my resistance to sex. There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that Steven had more in mind than putting my undraped figure on canvas. Fine. I would tease him. No. Tease isn't the word. Too prosaic. Not enough. Too weak. I would enlarge upon the vocabulary of enticement, make of it a thing to be remembered: like one would be likely to remember the ravages of leprosy—or some other morbid disease—long after health had been regained. I would use every method (short of north and south grinds and bumps . . . or other overt physical demonstrations) within my imagination to get my own back for all he had done to humiliate me.

"What's wrong?" he interrupted my thoughts. "Can't you make up your mind?"

"Yes, Steven . . . I'll pose for you . . . but on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you just *paint* me."

(Continued on page 72)





GIRL NO. 3

LUCY WANG





WE TOLD LUCY ALL ABOUT THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO HAD BEEN ARGUING ABOUT THE GREAT GIRLS OF THE WORLD. "THAT'S VERY INTERESTING," LUCY SAID, "BUT NOW LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO." WE WAITED PATIENTLY WHILE LUCY RAMBLLED ON ABOUT NOB HILL, MARKET STREET, THE GLORIES OF THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. FINALLY, WE BROKE IN WITH, "BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GREAT GIRL CONTROVERSY?" "WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?" SAID LUCY, A HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED SECRETARY TO A PROMINENT SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS MAN. "I'D RATHER TALK ABOUT THE TIME I WAS IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND I GOT LOST ON THE FERRY COMING BACK FROM OAKLAND." WE AGREED TO LISTEN TO LUCY'S SF STORIES ON THE CONDITION THAT SHE REPRESENT SAN FRANCISCO IN OUR INTERNATIONAL PICTURE DEBATE. "WHY NOT!" SHE SAID, BREAKING INTO NEW REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. "LOOK HERE, LUCY!" WE SAID RATHER ABRUPTLY. "PLEASE ANSWER A STRAIGHT QUESTION—WHICH GIRLS—WHAT GIRLS—ARE THE MOST EXCITING IN THE WORLD. WE WANT AN HONEST OPINION." LUCY HARDLY PAUSED BEFORE SHE SPOKE. "WHY, SILLY, SAN FRANCISCO GIRLS, OF COURSE!"



HARVARD VS. YALE SEX

(Continued from page 16)

the Yale men, being hopelessly out of practice, would spend most of their time drinking to nerve themselves for Saturday night, only to find that, when the night came, they were in no shape for the action. Besides, very good looking girls tend to get choosy. And, though most girls are not very bright, they at least have enough sense to tell when they're being used to make an impression. So although at The Game, it was the Yale men who had the knockouts, it was the Harvard men who had the sex.

But outsiders don't see this. They observe Yale men with their beautiful dates; they observe Yale men high on gin, and they jump to the conclusion that Yale men are living up a storm. This impression has been deepened by a curious accident. For some reason, possibly connected with the fact that Yale men spend the last formative years in a world of sexual delusion, large numbers of them go into advertising and public relations.

This produces two consequences. The first is that, looking ahead to the future, girls whose ambition it is to become models or actresses tend to cultivate Yale men so that they'll be thought of when the jobs come to be given out. Anyone who has dated models or actresses knows that although they are extremely goodlooking, and indeed, because of this, they tend to be chary with their sexual favors. They may put on a great show of affection in public but in private they dry up like ice. But the Yale men have them to show and later, through their positions of dominance in the image-projecting industries, are able to confirm the popular impression that they are the epitome of virility and success.

I remember vividly one old friend who was silly enough to go to Yale, and who has subsequently become very successful as a producer of television commercials. As such he has models at his call, and is always appearing at parties with some new, young lovely hanging on his arm. He doesn't sleep with them because they know he really isn't interested in sex. All he wants is to be seen with them so that his friends will think he's a masterful lover. So he is happy. And the girls

are happy because through him, they get jobs.

The child, they say, is father of the man and, in the same way, the undergraduate is the father of the advertising executive to come. I can recall Charlie at The Game, always with a beauty on his arm, busily projecting that typical Yale image of the great lover. But at night, after she'd done her turn at the house parties, his girl would go back to her hotel room alone, leaving Charlie crashed out on his bed, loaded. I used to turn up at The Game with some Radcliffe girl or other, not too pretty but, oh so co-operative. We didn't neck at the house parties, like Charlie and his girls, because we weren't trying to impress anyone and anyway, we'd have satisfied our passions earlier in the day. This distinction between me and Charlie always seemed to me to symbolize the difference between the approach of the Harvard and the Yale man to sex. Charlie had the envy and I had the woman. I know which I preferred. And until the Dean of students at Yale starts bewailing the scandalous sexual outbreaks in the dorms, I'll continue to believe that, win or lose at football, Harvard has the better of the game that really counts.



"I don't know when I've seen the park so crowded."

WOMEN & THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY

(Continued from page 43)

have been elected to the Vice Presidency. What a Veep Rudy would have made! Imagine Khrushchev, round and villainous, confronting Valentino, suave and side-burned, in a kitchen debate!

A century ago Abraham Lincoln was the most powerful man in America, and probably the most unhappily married, if we are to believe certain biographers. Lincoln was particularly fond of bawdy stories, something that still shocks his more sensitive admirers who forget that Abe was both honest and human. In those days women still couldn't vote, so we can only guess at how a female electorate would have received the gangling lawyer from Springfield. The Brady photographs make Lincoln look mournfully impressive, but what he was really like is hard to tell. The actors, principally Raymond Massey, who portray Lincoln on the stage and screen usually present him as a slow, solemn man with a deep, sonorous voice. The truth is that Lincoln spoke in a high-pitched voice and was rather jerky in his movements. Luckily, he was able to campaign in the days before women and television changed the character of American politics. Today, it is probable that Lincoln would have to look more like Henry Fonda, and less like himself, in order to make a success of politics.

Grover Cleveland was another lucky President. If the women of his time had their way he would never have made it to the White House. A Buffalo, N.Y. lawyer and politician before he got White House fever, Cleveland was human enough to have fathered an illegitimate child and honest enough to admit it when political rivals started a whispering campaign. Man to man, Cleveland made a good impression when he appealed to his male compatriots for understanding, but so far as the majority of women was concerned he was a cruel deceiver of spotless maidenhood. Even when he married young, beautiful, witty Frances Cleveland, the right-thinking ladies of America still regarded him as a wolf in



"It's 70 per cent cotton, 30 per cent nylon — and 100 per cent me."

sheep's clothing. Cleveland, of course, didn't know it, but he was extremely fortunate in that he didn't have to explain his embarrassing indiscretion on television.

William McKinley didn't have to court the female vote to get elected, but if he had found it necessary he couldn't have counted very much on the younger ladies of the land. McKinley's appeal was fatherly rather than romantic; he didn't combine the two—something that can be highly successful, especially in these mixed-up modern times. To older women, particularly those still unmarried, McKinley no doubt presented the public image of good provider, stern but kindly parent, restrained husband, and regular churchgoer. To the modern woman, with her freedom of movement and choice, her well-paying job and impulse toward divorce, McKinley might not be an acceptable candidate. In short, he was a good man—but not very exciting.

Teddy Roosevelt wasn't really a handsome man, but he had an excess of masculine vigor, a teeth-gritting sense of purpose that appealed greatly to the fluttery fair sex of his day. Teddy wore glasses, but it would take a very foolish man to call him a sissy. Oddly enough, he resembled

Ernest Hemingway in many ways—the emphasis on rough sports, exercise; the constant necessity to show up his contemporaries as weaklings. Both men seemed to be fascinated by firearms, and if we are to believe the cigarette and whisky ads, women just simply adore masculine men. Yes, indeed! Teddy would still do very well with the lady voters of 1964. In fact, it doesn't take too much imagination to see Teddy on television, glaring into the camera with his splendid set of teeth and disarming smile. Perhaps he was, in some ways, something of a caricature, but most of the women would still vote for him.

Every President is interesting because of various reasons, but for the purpose of this article we prefer to stay with those Chief Executives who evoked definite responses in the female public. Warren Harding was such a man: the ladies continued to love him even after his murky administration became hopelessly mired in scandal. To the ladies, Warren G. Harding could do no wrong. Nan Britton, a star-struck Ohio girl who bore him an illegitimate daughter, described him in her confessional book, *The President's Daughter*, as a fine man. Somebody once said that

he inspired confidence; he radiated a sense of calm strength that he probably didn't feel himself. However, he was perfectly type-cast, and to many impressionable lady voters that's all that matters.

Because of the ever-increasing female concern with politics, the 1964 election should prove to be one of the most interesting of all time, especially from the Republican point of view. Lyndon Johnson will almost certainly be the Democratic Party candidate; the Republicans are still looking around desperately for an acceptable standard bearer. Barry Goldwater is tanned, silver-haired, ruggedly handsome, a he-man son of the Old West. The ladies seem to like him; those who have steeled themselves to the point where they won't vote for him will do so because they have been educated to the point where they have opinions about politicians. When women first were allowed to participate in elections, they generally voted for the candidate their husbands liked, but nowadays the progressive woman has a mind of her

own. Very often she votes for the candidate she finds to be most exciting. It has been said that when a woman thinks about *any* man for any length of time she eventually passes private judgment on him as a possible husband or lover. This is an unconscious reaction, or at least it is half conscious. Apart from his frontier politics, Barry must seem like a fine broth of a boy to millions of American women of all ages. One can almost hear a still-comely, 46-year-old Indiana widow saying: "That Barry Goldwater looks like he knows how to respect a *lady*!" Yes, indeed! The other GOP hopefuls better think twice before they set themselves up against the bronzed Southwesterner. Air Force General (Reserve), department store tycoon jet pilot, motoring enthusiast, home-spun philosopher—all these will make Senator Goldwater a hard man to beat at the polls.

Richard Nixon is the best known of the other Republican hopefuls. With his just-plain-folks background, his manly baritone voice, his apparent unconcern with the latest clothing styles, Mr. Nixon comes across some of the time as a man of the people, yet does he really have a chance in an age when Marcello Mastroianni seems to be the feminine ideal? There was a time when woman's social and economic insecurity attracted her to "the good family man, the solid citizen," but the Depression has long been over and even the most average U.S. housewife yearns for a ray of excitement.

The other two candidates now in the limelight—Governors Romney and Scranton—are unknown quantities to the ladies outside their home states. Scranton, who has been described as having "the most expressive face in American politics," probably has more romantic appeal than the Governor of Michigan. Scranton is rather "hip," while Romney tends to be slightly "square." Unfortunately, we have no reliable information on how these qualities affect the lady voters of America. But we are sure of one thing—that as the ladies increase in numbers and in influence, so will the difficulties of the political chieftains whose job is to pick likely-looking candidates, because if there is anybody more difficult to please than a lady shopping for a hat, then it must be a lady shopping for a political candidate. Once upon a time men flattered women by pretending that the hand that rocked the cradle ruled the world. Now it's beginning to come true.

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"I think there's something about me you should know, Basil."



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"No matter what the other kids say —
I do not dress you funny!"



"Let's talk about sex — I make it a rule
never to talk about religion or politics."



"Sneaking a man into your room again, eh?"

70 ♥ DUDE



"Care to take a chance on an Indian blanket?"



"Why, yes, I'm the daughter of the owner —
what are you selling?"



"All right, officer — he may be a juvenile
delinquent, but you don't have to rub it in."



"Fair! You call it fair when only twelve people
out of a hundred and eighty million say I'm guilty."



"The jeweler said it was glass
and that I'd been raped."



"It's a Daisy."



"Hey! This suburban wife-swapping ain't half bad."

IN UTTER NAKEDNESS

(Continued from page 61)

"What else?" Though his smile remained steadfast he appeared ludicrously mis-cast playing the role of injured innocence. I glanced meaningfully at the bed through his open bed-room door. "Just put me on canvas, Steven. Not on your Springmaid Sheets.

And so it was set. Three nights hence I was to become the model (sans clothing) of a brat who had virtually no virtue except a Mona-Lisa smile that he could turn on and off to match the caprice of his unholy whims. I spent the intervening time mitigating a couple of small fears and misgivings . . . though I was not so successful in restraining an immodest blend of anxiety and elation.

Steven, in the meantime, was a model student . . . so much so that I found myself wondering if in my perhaps overstrict, previous classroom discipline I had magnified the depravity of his antics. But no. Before class on the afternoon of the third day, Steven, as he passed near me to take his seat, stared wet-lipped at my breasts and said:

"Tonight I shall begin to create two more—perhaps even as lovely as those—on a sterile piece of canvas." And all through class I felt his eyes painting me.

"How do you want me?"

"Nude."

"No. I mean what pose do you want me to take? This is my first experience as a model. Shall I stand or sit?" I continued with this and other small-talk to conceal my nervousness as I undressed.

"I'll do you sitting. As you have no doubt observed, I'm a rank amateur (too damned rank flashed through my mind); I would prefer to do you standing but it might prove too tiring—too hard for both of us."

"Do me?"

"Paint you, then." He was turned away from me—arranging his easel—but I could tell he was smiling. He turned and looked at me. I swallowed hard and stood tall, goose-flesh and

posture my only shield; but it was my hands, stupidly enough, that seemed most exposed. They felt large and awkward at the end of my long bare arms: large, awkward and indecent.

Giving the monster his due I have to admit that his initial appraisal of my condition was gallantly brief: a quick sweep from head to toe and back again . . . with an almost imperceptible pause mid-journey.

"You're even lovelier than I thought, Miss Orbach."

"Please," my voice trembled; his gaze, however brief, was still distressingly male, "under the circumstances I think it would be sensible to use my first name."

"You're lovely, Valerie," his tone, though modulated, had suddenly grown (was it my wish or my imagination) possessive.

"On second thought," I squirmed uncomfortably, trying to descend as demurely as possible into the straight-backed chair he had brought me, "maybe we'd better resume the Miss Orbach formality."

"Anything you say . . . Miss Orbach."

Steven began, with quick, deft strokes, by doing me in charcoal. He must have spent two hours and rubbed me out twenty times before he seemed satisfied. "I suppose I'm letting myself in for one of your infamous remarks, Steven," I smiled as I dressed, wondering why it felt so natural to be dressing in front of him . . . and to be smiling at him, "but why are you doing this? You're not an artist. Why do you want to paint me?"

"Like you said, Valerie (I pretended not to notice the 'Valerie' maneuver), maybe it's merely that I like you hanging around the place *naked*."

"Not *naked*, Steven . . . nude."

"Same difference."

"Not at all. To be naked brings to mind a huddled and defenseless body—it implies shame. But to be nude implies only art . . . form . . . design."

"Yeah?" his voice broke queerly, "but with your *form* and my *designs* I prefer to do you naked."

"There you go again with that *do me* thing." I admonished him gently, noticing, as I placed one high-heeled foot on a chair to adjust my nylons to my garter-belt, that his mouth wore a tortured half-smile I had not seen since my kid-brother begged for iced-water after having his tonsils removed; and his fingers, as he hooked my brassiere, communicated a palsied indecision that tickled me

pleasantly. The monster is normal (I held back a smile): a half-dressed woman turns everything on.

"When can you pose again?"

"The sooner the better," I amplified the infractuous hip gyrations that most women perform as they squirm into their panties. "Tomorrow night, then," his voice rasped ridiculously.

"Fine," I finished dressing, taking my time, adding a provocative flourish to every movement. "See you then."

Midway through the next session a singularly disturbing thing happened. Steven had begun to paint me—to fill in areas of the charcoal outline he had done the night before; and as he gazed, first at me and then at his work, an isolated tingling pervaded me whenever his eyes fell. It wasn't so bad (in fact it was downright enjoyable) until he began to "do" my breasts; I felt, I swear it, as if each brush stroke were a lingering caress. I squirmed. "Hold still," he said, with an impossible to miss mischievous inflection in his tone.

"I'm trying to," my voice cracked. "It's just that . . . that . . ."

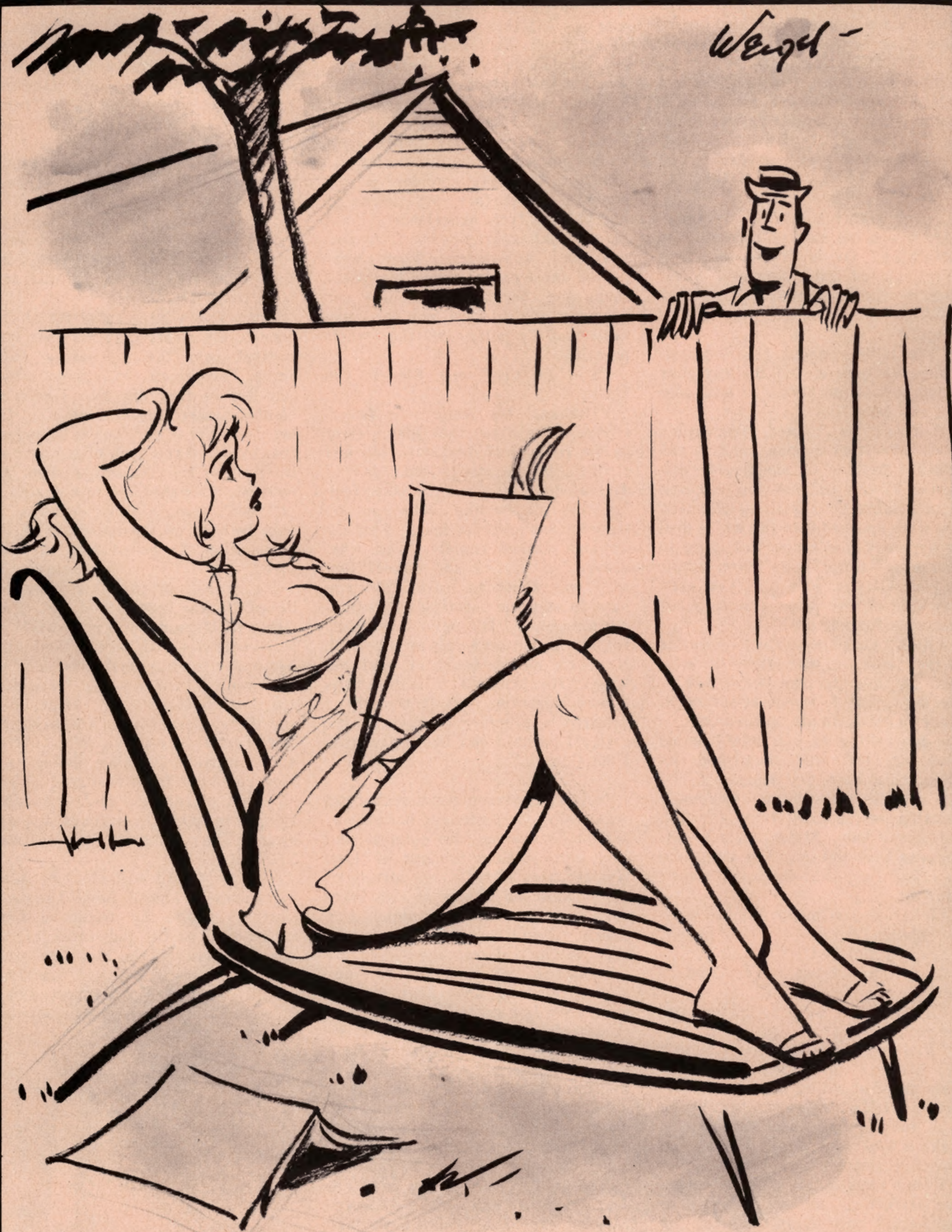
"It's just what?"

"Oh, nothing. Get back to your painting."

He was watching me, smiling, his eyes half closed; he appeared to be regarding me with an almost detached amusement. I turned my eyes away from him as he returned—after a shrug and a smirk—to work again . . . hoping that a visual break would prevent recurrence of those sensations.

Remembering, all too vividly, the excitement I felt—the nervous expectation of a captive mare awaiting the inevitable—it sounds trite to say that my visual break proved a delightful failure. But it did. I would be hard put to more than briefly review the happenings of the next few hours. The whole course of events is bathed in an atmosphere too rare for recall. I do remember, however, that as Steven's work progressed . . . so, too, did the intensity of the sensations it provoked. I remember, flinchingly . . . and with a gasping intake of breath, that he had difficulty with my navel; he lingered long there, making artful stabs with his brush that sapped the core of my will. I remember—dreamily—that his brush worked its genius alarmingly well on the inside of my thighs. I know I rose from my chair, approached Steven (walking wide-legged, as if I were delicately balanced), took his

Winged -



"May I borrow your entertainment section."

palate and his brush, laid them gently aside and led him through the open door to his bed. I remember . . . ah . . . I remember.

Two days later, two sittings and half a dozen interruptions later, in bed, talking the listless talk of satiation, I decided to risk disenchantment by asking Steven: "How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

I ignored his obvious evasion. "Are you some sort of hypnotist or something? Or is it possible that your concentration imposed itself upon my subconscious?"

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about the way you seduce me by proxy . . . the way your brush tickles me here . . . and here . . . and here."

"Oh, no!" he groaned, striking his forehead with his open hand in the familiar fashion of one hugely disgusted. "Don't tell me you're going to rationalize your guilt by claiming you were spooked into the whole deal by hypnosis. Can't you quit lying to yourself, Valerie? Can't you admit to yourself that love . . . yes, even *this* kind of love, is as necessary for saints as for sinners?"

I didn't push the subject . . . better to just relax . . . and allow the 'subject' to have its own way. But in the days that followed—revelling in Steven's consummate brush-work . . . and marvelling at his indefatigable loins—my joy was blemished by thoughts of his angry denial.

Then, late one evening, after much painting and sundry trips through the open door, Steven calmly announced that the painting was done . . . and . . . that he was *finished* with me.

"What do you mean *finished* with me, Steven?"

"Simply finished."

"I see. You mean you're tired of me."

"No. I simply have no further use for you."

"You really are a monster, aren't you Steven?" I suddenly felt foolishly naked standing there . . . *naked*, not nude. He shrugged. "Here," he said, turning the easel toward me, "take a look at yourself before you leave." I stepped back, recoiling, as if from a physical blow. The painting was perfect . . . or would have been had he not once again distorted my mouth. But there was little doubt that Steven had surpassed himself: this was not work of a quality that he could repeat. Perhaps with practice, hard work, he would become

quite skilled in time . . . an artist maybe. But this was not the work of an artist. This was an accident—the happy mistake of the tyro who has transcended his natural ability. The painting was exuberant with life! My breasts protuberances of glittering mosaic; my flesh everywhere had a lustrous luminosity . . . as if a fire were smoldering just beneath the surface. My thighs he had painted from experience . . . not from visual experience but from geographical knowledge. They were parted, more parted than I had posed them, and they had a clutching and grasping quality that lent sensuousness and vitality to the whole painting.

"You did very well, Steven, I'm flattered."

"Thanks," his smile was bored, effete; I could see that his interest in me really had died with his last stroke (brush stroke that is). I dressed quickly, albeit clumsily, feeling the distressing ache in my sinuses that precedes tears; I bit my lip and blinked rapidly. "But why, Steven," I turned and asked, just as I was about to leave, "did you have to mar the painting by distorting my mouth? It's ugly. It's deceitful. My mouth isn't ugly or deceitful. No one's mouth could be that debased." He shrugged . . . and perhaps I was mistaken, but I thought I detected a glimmer of pity in his eyes. "I painted you like I saw you, Miss Orbach."

Steven's classroom conduct changed drastically: he no longer baited me; indeed he became the quietest and most conscientious student in class. Not accustomed to taking affairs of the boudoir as lightly as one takes sugar with one's tea, I watched him closely (*it was inconceivable, surely, that he could divest himself of me without so much as a familiar glance; certainly the heat we had generated had earned the crumb of an afterthought*). But outside of one or two perfunctory questions regarding class assignments . . . I might as well have been a perfect stranger.

It was on a Tuesday morning—two weeks after my last engagement with Steven (which by then my disappointed libido had become resigned to forget)—that a bomb, as devastating as any of the hydrogen variety, exploded. Walking through the halls on the way to class, I came, so to speak, face to face with myself. I reeled. My first instinct was to turn and run . . . but then—fighting down waves of shock-impelled nausea—I

doubted my ability to run. There I was . . . thighs parted seductively, breasts jutting defiantly, hanging naked on the wall with a melange of other paintings . . . and dangling from the bottom corner of the frame was a blue-ribbon that read: 1st place.

"What's this?" I hissed through my teeth at a slack-jawed student who was admiring the painting.

"The annual art contest," he grinned, gesturing with his thumb. "Steven Blake won first place with that nude. Ah . . . congratulations, Miss Orbach?"

Dean Finch intercepted me at the door to my classroom; his face was twisted into the disgusting half-smile, half-frown old women affect just before they dig into a calorie-bloated dessert. He said nothing. He led me—quite firmly, but with fingers that explored the flesh of my arm of their senile volition, to his office. We entered. He waved me to a chair.

"Yes," I spoke first, deciding to save both of us the indignity of interrogation, "I posed for that picture."

He smiled, evidently terribly relieved. "I was certain you had, Miss Orbach. Of course you're entitled to legal council—civil service and all—but under the circumstances . . ."

"I know," I cut him off. "I wouldn't stand a ghost. No. I'll resign. But one thing, Dean Finch. You said you were *certain* it was me. Why? After all . . . a painting isn't a photograph. How could you be so positive? Unless . . . yes, of course . . ." I nodded, smugly certain I had found the answer. "That monster, Steven Blake . . ."

"No, no!" old Finch shook his head vigorously . . . and I found the equilibrium—despite my predicament—to be repelled at the flabbiness of his jowls, "Steven Blake had absolutely nothing to do with it. It was your mouth that gave the show away, Miss Orbach. There was no mistaking your mouth."



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